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SEPTEMBER 30, 1937

America's National Sports Weekly

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ARROW—

CASUAL WEAR • first in fashion



SEPTEMBER 30, 1957
Volume 7, Number 14

Advertisements on page 6

COVER: World Series

Photograph by Hy Prosser

During the next week the biggest topic of conversation in the U.S. will be the World Series. More people will see it (via TV) than any other sporting event in the world. This issue contains a comprehensive **PREVIEW** and **SCOUTING REPORTS** which will make it easier to follow on TV or live.

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THE BATTLE OF THE CHAMPIONS

What happened when *Booth's* and *Robinson* met at Yankee Stadium

PREVIEW: YANKS VS. BRAVES

THE SEASONS: How and why the winners won, plus three pages of COLOR

THE SEASONS: Drawings of the parks, their histories and seating data

SCOUTING REPORTS: A player-by-player evaluation of the Braves and Yankees

CRITIQUE—AND VERDICT: An assessment of the two teams

FOOTBALL SURPRISES AND PROMISES

THE FIRST WEEK: Early strength and early sports, in words and pictures

PREVIEW: A midjet ride in the West in TV's *Game of the Week*, by **TEX MAULE**

GOLF'S AMATEUR HEROES

Many emerged in recent epic competitions. By **HUBERT WARREN WING**

JOHNNY'S GAMBLE

An oiling job when the *Little Brown Jug*, By **JEREMIAH TAX**

NEW SPORTING LOOK AT OLD DUBLIN

The lively women of Ireland show classic fabrics in modern dress

THREE DAYS ON A HORSE

ALICE HIXSON reports on the Wofford Cup and its gallant heroine

THE BEAUTY OF A SPORTING HERITAGE

The magnificent estate of the *J. Watson Wells*, IN COLOR by **RICHARD MEEK**

HERR "BEAUTIFUL SERVICE"

Which means *Schneider*, 28, here winningly portrayed by **GERALD HOLLAND**

THE DEPARTMENTS

• **COMING EVENTS**

• **FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR**

• **SCOREBOARD**

• **BASEBALL X-RAY**

• **PIGSKIN PANORAMA**

• **HICKMAN'S HUNCHES**

• **EVENTS & DISCOVERIES**

• **TIP FROM THE TOP**

• **BONNIE PRUDEN**

• **HOTBOX**

• **THE 13TH HOLE**

• **PAT ON THE BACK**

NEXT WEEK

**THE PHEASANT
AND THE COMMISSAR**

A U. S. ambassador vividly recalls an eerie day's shoot in Czechoslovakia

PLUS: A pro football preview, with **Tex Maule** picking the new stars



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COMING EVENTS

SEPT. 27-OCT. 6

■ TV ■ CMAA TV ■ SEPTWEEK Radio
All times E.S.T., except where otherwise noted

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

Baseball

• Boston Red Sox vs. New York Yankees, Boston, 1:35 p.m. (NBC).

Boxing

• Tony Danzato vs. Bobby Lynn, middleweights, 10 rds., Cleveland, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Dog Shows

Golden Retriever Club of America, Madison, Wis.
Wealth Towner Club of America, Coast Rich, N.Y.

Football

George Washington vs. Cornell (20), Washington, D.C.
SCLA vs. Miami (N), Los Angeles.

Golf

Ben Hunter's Open, \$1,000, Reno (through Sept. 29).

Horse Racing

(Turfers)
The Transamerica, \$20,000, Newbury, N.Y.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

Auto Racing

SCLA National Race, Bridgehampton, N.Y. (through Sept. 30)
SCLA Club Mountain Hill Club, San Francisco (through Sept. 30)
SCLA Sports Car Race, Ft. Sumner, N.M. (through Sept. 30)

Baseball

• Milwaukee Braves vs. Cincinnati Redlegs, Milwaukee, 7:35 p.m. (CBS)
• Philadelphia Phillies vs. Brooklyn Dodgers, Philadelphia, 1:40 p.m. (CBS)

Boxing

Alfred Horan Memorial Empty Quarter Race, Cotnam (closed, Gulf)
International Car Regatta, inland & club outdoor, Elizabeth City N.C. (through Sept. 29)
Governor's Cup Race, unimproved lap, Madison, Ind. (through Sept. 30)

Football

(Football college games)

• Army vs. Nebraska, West Point, N.Y., 1:30 p.m. (NBC)
• Baylor vs. Wheaton (N), Waco, Texas
• Boston College vs. Florida State, Chestnut Hill, Mass.
• Oregon vs. Columbia, Poughkeepsie
• Duke vs. Virginia, Durham, N.C.
• Georgia Tech vs. SDSU, Atlanta
• Kansas vs. Oregon State, Lawrence, Kans.
• LSU vs. Kentucky (N), Baton Rouge
• Maryland vs. North Carolina State, College Park, Md.
• Michigan State vs. Indiana, East Lansing, Mich.
• Minnesota vs. Washington, Minneapolis
• Navy vs. William & Mary, Williamsburg, Va.
• Ohio State vs. TCU, Columbus, Ohio
• Oregon vs. USC, Portland, Ore.
• Pennsylvania vs. Pennsylvania State, Philadelphia
• Princeton vs. Rutgers, Princeton, N.J.
• Purdue vs. Notre Dame, Lafayette, Ind., 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
• Southern California vs. Michigan, Los Angeles
• Stanford vs. Northwestern, Evanston, Ill., 4:45 p.m. (NBC)
• Utah vs. Utah State, Logan, Utah
• Wake Forest vs. Wake Forest, Winston-Salem, N.C.
• Washington vs. Auburn, Mobile, Ala.

Horse Racing

The Faculty, \$20,000, \$1,711, Belmont Park, N.Y.
• The Woodward, \$20,000, 3 p.m. odds & vs. 2½ m., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:45 p.m. (NBC)

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

Auto Racing

ARCA Grand National Division Race, Des Moines, Iowa
ARCA Grand National Division Race, \$20,000 (ARCA), Madison, Wis.
\$25,000 150 Mile Championship Car Race, Trenton, N.J.

Baseball

(Professional)
• Baltimore vs. Boston, Baltimore (CBS)
• Cleveland vs. New York, Cleveland (CBS)
• Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit, Green Bay, Wis. (CBS)
• Los Angeles vs. Philadelphia, Los Angeles
• Pittsburgh vs. Washington, Pittsburgh (CBS)
• San Francisco vs. Chicago, San Francisco, San Francisco (CBS)

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

Boxing

• Jimmy Doyle vs. Tony DeLuca, welterweights, 10 rds., St. Paul, New York, 10:30 p.m. (CBS/NBC)

* See local listing.



Golf

2724 Senior Amateur Championship, Ridgewood, N.Y. (through Oct. 15)

Horse

National Livestock Show & Rodeo, \$21,000, 1/2 mile track, N.Y. (through Oct. 15)

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2

Baseball

- World Series opens: N.Y. Yankees vs. National League champions, Yankee Stadium, New York, 12:45 a.m. (NBC).

Boxing

- Ed Kinsinger vs. Tama Salama, middleweights, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC).

Horse Racing

Lawrence Bralovian, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/8 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.

Hunt Racing

Indy Stock Hunt Racing Association, Upperville, Pa. (also Oct. 3)

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3

Baseball

- World Series, Yankee Stadium, New York, 12:45 p.m. (NBC).

Horse Racing

Crofters' Kentucky Futurity, \$10,000, Lexington, Ky.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4

Boxing

- Johnny Shomo vs. Fred Williams, lightweights, 10 rds., Washington, D.C., 10 p.m. (NBC).

Football

(Leading college game)

2:15 m. Pitt (ABC), Los Angeles.

Golf

Hyatt Cup Match, Warwick, England (through Oct. 15)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5

Auto Racing

USAC Dodge Auto Race, Carolina, (also Oct. 4 and 6)

USAC Ford, Sunoco, 1/2 m. (also Oct. 4)

USAC Trans-Am, 1/2 m., (also Oct. 4)

USAC Grand National Division Race, Charlotte, N.C.

Baseball

- World Series, National League city (NBC).

Boxing

- ABA Dumas IV World Championship, Samuel Lake, Texas (through Oct. 7)

Football

(Leading college game)

- Arkansas vs. Texas Christian (10), Little Rock, Ark.

- California vs. Michigan State, Berkeley, Calif., 3:30 p.m. (NBC)

- Ohio vs. North Carolina (11) and North Carolina vs. Wake Forest (12)

- Illinois vs. Penn State (13)

- Georgia vs. South Carolina State, Columbia, S.C.

- Columbia vs. Kansas, Kansas City, Mo.

- California vs. Pittsburgh, New York City, N.Y.

- Duke vs. Stanford, Durham, N.C.

- Harvard vs. Cornell, Ithaca, N.Y.

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SD season spent	NH slightly high	R rising	FP fishing poor
SC season clean	H high	WTSF water 50°	OGG outlook good
C clear water	YH very high	FG fishing good	QVG outlook very good
D water dirty, ugly	M water muddy	FVG fishing very good	OF outlook fair
N water normal height	L low	FF fishing fast	OP outlook poor

BURGHEIM: MANHATTENITE: FVG all along south shore of Cape Cod and nearby islands. Monmouth Point visitation includes fish in 14 pounds, while blues from snapper to leucostichus are also raising suspicion of bluewater. Bay side of the war zone Cape Cod Canal to Woods Hole, FVG also around Martha's Vineyard and in Muskeget Channel between the Vineyard and Nantucket. Best, though restricted, area is at Elizabeth Islands, which extend 60 miles northward from Woods Hole to the last in the chain, the threepart, Catfishbank. Last week, angling alone in season channel called Quaker Hole between Pasque and Nantuxent Islands. Portsmouth's Columbia editor took five bluefish over 10 pounds on night-pot spinning tackle, setting only because he ran out of plugs. QVG at Cape to November.

NEW JERSEY: New Brighton and Shorehaven Bays yielding to chummen. FG also on Barnegat Bay, although a recent association has been the presence of giant fish in clear slices. Much chummen gained and much light tackle lost, with Jersey anglers hopeful that big bluefish are returning to their waters after a seven-year absence. Best practitioners at Seaside Park and from Harngett Light north to Harvey Cedars report FVG for March 1 to 10 pounds, that is checked with rod and that is the preferred bait.

NEW YORK: From Shinnecock to Montauk beach bags and trailers hauling fish in 32 pounds, with QVG.

PACIFIC SALMON: BRITISH COLUMBIA: FVG for silver in Salt Chuck at Oyster Bay, Baine Beach, Qualicum, Nanaimo and Courtenay at Cape Mudge and Comox Bay. Freshwater runs now starting at Nootka and Squamish rivers near Vancouver, and QVG. Glossy correspondents report just one month since last year, but the line of Montreal would probably differ. Last week he grained a 30-pound fish in the Campbell River.

WASHINGTON: Anglers converted over months-long drought and high temperatures. Tributary streams are so low that roasting rapidly may be seriously affected, in San Juan River, for instance, the banks of heating bays are stick where the surface even in pools. Some in great waterways, however, are unaffected. North Fork of the Stillaguamish is handful of humpbacks up to Squish Creek in Burlington. FVG in lower river, with anglers leaving to Red Mount river, with small ponds. Skagit River to Duhalde Creek goes Marchmen also extremely active. Hudson flows to 14 pounds, checked at Fishery Point off west end of Walden Island, with ponders springs striking off west coast of Lagoon Island near Laredo Rocks. Three last week 14-year-old Donald Kirkpatrick of London, Wash., fished with and landed a 30-pounder, QVG.

ONTARIO: Upper stretches of streams very low, and salmon are jumping tidal waters waiting for rain. FVG, however, in north of state with the Neustoria, where Miss. Kenneth Kibler of Salmon recently landed a 30-pound chinook. The Skeena, Aloua, Nakusum and Salmon rivers all offering fish, and QVG.

TRENT: WAIVE: SC Sept. 20, but final days closed for rearing as bluefish are moved over spring holes and making Coastmen and Dark Montrose in sizes 14 and 36. Down-Easter lures that, South-Island Lake near Mount Katschick is no gamefish.

WISCONSIN: The Peche N and slightly H with WT 11 scattered trout rising low angles cooking. QVG, however, as more of that low last week took windlagg new fish. Mrs. John Anderson of Peche created a six-pound brown trout, Randy Stodd of Brule submitted a five-pounder, and Jack Blomfield of Peche arrived home with a brownie which weighed 7 1/2 pounds dressed.

NEW ZEALAND: After a summer of being mostly H and M the upper Rio Grande is now N and C. FVG from Elmore north to the Colorado border for both brown and rainbow. Rio Grande King, Western Bro. Royal Castaneda and Gary Harle slim, spiny and live green-backed taking fish. April, however, Rio Grande rivers via trails in the Tuna area and mountains that angling artists, poets and writers from the Tuna valley will arrive over a narrow frontier in the last miles. QVG too in Rio Grande tributaries such as the lower Red River, Rio Puelco and lower and middle Chama. The big trout are running in to spawn. New fishermen are coming off to hunt, and the fishermen can rest in beautiful solitude.

MACKINAC: FLORIDA: Heatproofed anglers last week ignored the secondary side as a heavy run of marbled vibrids hit Bayou Bay. Some boats reported catches of over 40 fish taken on small white feathers and jiggs QVG.

STRIPED BASS: MANHATTENITE: Boston with shore fishing with anglers from Pease Island in Boston Harbor to Bray's Rock. FVG at night for 20 to 40-pound fish. Rebounds the usual dependable lure, On Cape Cod 40-pounders weighing 35 and 40-pounder in Nantuxent Bay and at east end of salt pond and Canal. FG for five to eight-pound school fish on Brewster Flats, Catfishbank quiet, but Martha's Vineyard QVG.

NEW JERSEY: Early-morning efforts rewarding surf casters and jetties bays at Asbury Park. Dead and Long Branch. Bays are driving surfers virtually onto beach, and QVG.

MARYLAND: Keri Nantuxent near mouth of Chester River offering rocks to four pounds, and light spinning or fly rod-craftsmen report FVG. Popular method is chumming with mackerel, and salted chum, using the pooled creek as bait on the beach. Popular time and place is flood tide between Kent Island Yacht Club and Chester River. QVG, catches of 28 to 20 fish a tide.

CHANNEL BASS: MICHIGAN: QVG at last week at Chippewaqua Gilbert River and companion. John from Teton, Maryland landed six fish to 40 pounds on cut crabs.

MUSKELUNGE: NEW YORK: SC Oct. 15, but over nights have already brought out the two-hat rule, one of whom members 341 Vincent of Lakewood, N.Y., recently landed a 35-pound muskie in Lake Champlain. QVG.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1—John G. Zimmerman, 2—A.P. 1971, 3—Richard M. Kennedy, 4—D. 1971, 5—A.P. 1971, 6—A.P. 1971, 7—A.P. 1971, 8—A.P. 1971, 9—A.P. 1971, 10—A.P. 1971, 11—A.P. 1971, 12—A.P. 1971, 13—A.P. 1971, 14—A.P. 1971, 15—A.P. 1971, 16—A.P. 1971, 17—A.P. 1971, 18—A.P. 1971, 19—A.P. 1971, 20—A.P. 1971, 21—A.P. 1971, 22—A.P. 1971, 23—A.P. 1971, 24—A.P. 1971, 25—A.P. 1971, 26—A.P. 1971, 27—A.P. 1971, 28—A.P. 1971, 29—A.P. 1971, 30—A.P. 1971, 31—A.P. 1971, 32—A.P. 1971, 33—A.P. 1971, 34—A.P. 1971, 35—A.P. 1971, 36—A.P. 1971, 37—A.P. 1971, 38—A.P. 1971, 39—A.P. 1971, 40—A.P. 1971, 41—A.P. 1971, 42—A.P. 1971, 43—A.P. 1971, 44—A.P. 1971, 45—A.P. 1971, 46—A.P. 1971, 47—A.P. 1971, 48—A.P. 1971, 49—A.P. 1971, 50—A.P. 1971, 51—A.P. 1971, 52—A.P. 1971, 53—A.P. 1971, 54—A.P. 1971, 55—A.P. 1971, 56—A.P. 1971, 57—A.P. 1971, 58—A.P. 1971, 59—A.P. 1971, 60—A.P. 1971, 61—A.P. 1971, 62—A.P. 1971, 63—A.P. 1971, 64—A.P. 1971, 65—A.P. 1971, 66—A.P. 1971, 67—A.P. 1971, 68—A.P. 1971, 69—A.P. 1971, 70—A.P. 1971, 71—A.P. 1971, 72—A.P. 1971, 73—A.P. 1971, 74—A.P. 1971, 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SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Mary Ann Mahley, 20, pretty University of Mississippi junior, has good reason to be disappointed after being crowned Miss Football of 1957 at Berkeley, Calif. Her first duty is to teach sport facilities at California-Southern Methodist game sat. Saturday.



Herb Dudley, rubber-armed 37-year-old schoolteacher, pitched Clearwater (Fla.) Bombers to 15-10 triumph over Astoria, 32, for world all-star title, graciously led 7,000 fans in prayer after he was awarded most valuable player, at Clearwater.



Henry Laskau, 11-year-old U.S. Olympic walker who bowed and took his way to 43 U.S. titles, completed his last time at Tel Aviv, where he won 3,000-meter Silver-Gold medal for third time, announced his retirement from the sport.

RECORD BREAKERS

Hurd Race. Two Girls Fanny's best, Mack Billy, with Ralph Haidwin in mile, stepped off mile in 2:03 2/5 and 2:03 3/5 for two best clocking of 4:07 in-out race since record of world's best 4:04 set by J. P. Jones at Delaware, Ohio Sept. 16.

BASEBALL

New York Yankees and Milwaukee Braves. with game numbers down to one and two, respectively, at week's end, were all set to square off in World Series, having lost minute game by runner-out Chicago White Sox and St. Louis Cardinals. Yankees started steadily toward eighth American League pennant in last nine years, leading Detroit twice and Boston in two out of three but found that Bronx had hardly gained better eye of Ted Williams, who arrived in New York after pinch-hitting home run against Kansas City, dominated three runs to put total at 97. Braves played up more of National League around money, ran off six straight, including left-handed Warren Spahn's 20th victory, over Philadelphia, New York and Chicago while Cards lost two out of five in Brooklyn and Cincinnati.

FOOTBALL

Oakland. big, fast and powerful again, went in to beat Pitt 24-0 for 4th straight, scored two on way to another undefeated season. Among other winners in college football's first week: Navy, 44-0 over Boston College; Georgia Tech, 13-0 over Kentucky; Duke, 20-0 over S. Carolina; Texas A&M, 35-13 over Maryland; Texas, 26-0 over Georgia; SMU, 19-0 over California; Oregon State, 24-0 over USC; USC, 47-0 over Air Force (for regional report, see page 75).

BOXING

Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore, 36-year-old, again, turned opponent to trash prize. Tony Anthony bats of face life, came out of his carefully planned shell to attack challenger to canvas in which one below, unbalanced striking began to keep him there in seventh at Los Angeles. Referee Archie: "They need a big nut to do a man's job."

GI Turner, leading Philadelphia independent, who has been seen on TV screen almost as often as Baseball Canada, was his usual screaming self, outbanging Turner 10 to 51 Vigil Alvin in 15 minutes at Atlantic City.

HARNESS RACING

Tupig, leading head ahead of expert handling by Johnny Korman, won \$71,525 Little Brown Jug for 3-year-old quarter in straight heats (3:00 and 3:01 1/2) at Delaware, Ohio, scored great step after party's triple crown.

MACCABIAH GAMES

E.K. male athletes won 11 of 20 events, but lost team Israel picked up enough points from its class of men to capture Maccabiah 125-105 in title, and field players of 11 Zionist Jewish Olympics at Tel Aviv.

BOATING

Albert Fas, talented businessman from Houston, teamed up with Billy Laskau to win their straight race in his 100-footed Fanny after trailing York II. In first two, sailed off with national 3.5-meter title at Larchmont, N.Y. Long Island found its power over all four years from Bermuda under her America Cup. Jack Hagen, 40-year-old pilot from Longmont, Calif., warmed up with victory in two qualifying heats, with day himself Sunday's Kew-Fox III over Chesapeake Potomac at second-leading 105.709 mph average for 11 miles to win President's Cup at Washington, D.C., scored ahead of runner-up Miss Delroy in APRA post standing. Korman started by going tragically when Shanty I, 40-year-old St. Pauli Island French schooner, sailed at 110 mph. Laskau was headed out, barely crossing but suffered only multiple losses.

HORSE RACING

Belmont was given the William big day but lost on left-winning Johnny Harkness and Shomaker signed their acknowledgment in dollar sign. Newark, leading full-time, for new stakes record, posted his total for past to 45, ending one disappointing mark along way at his second home Jewell's Record in \$57,174 Coney Island, later in week was

as no nation's most expensive (\$60,000) Big, Mrs. Charles Ray's 10-year-old, 10th, at \$12,000. Matron Helen Wilson, 2007 total to \$2,394,500.

Shomaker was ahead when old buddy Gallant Man, Ralph Lewis's 10-year-old, took to track for final race-up before Woodward. Galen and responded to slight going to extra mile credit in track record 1:47 1/5 for 3 1/4 miles in \$25,000 Money County Handicap. Three days later, three named Fanny Up to driving victory in \$65,000 Belmont, down big mile from Mrs. Richard Lewis when he started 2-year-old Blue of Stone, who ran Llanfyllter Fanny's mares and \$17,000 (more over paid for race) at Saratoga postcard after last post, in final triumph.

TENNIS

Vladimir, now more than ever (John Dick Smith) said may and Ham Richardson withdrew America's No. 1 Davis Cup prospect, but managed \$8,000 more money than with angled passing shots, cancelling him to win 6-2, 6-4, 6-4 for Pacific South Coast title at Los Angeles. Walter's 10-year-old 10-year-old, who overcame and rival Louise Brough 6-3, 6-1.

AUTO RACING

Wall Hanger, Fairfield, N.J. auto dealer, turned his blue and white Dug around 3.8-mile only at 94.7 mph average, was all alone at finish to win 193.2-mile Watkins Glen Grand Prix.

MILEPOSTS

1956—Dr. Louis J. Brainerd, 50, longtime newspaper, author, led Boston, 100-mile distance of the Year in 1956, executive director of Pennsylvania Game Commission; of heavy industry, at San Diego, 1957—Gerald Matthews Belding, 34, international pole man in 1956, also horse trainer of races, at London, England's top pole player, Belding was ranked at nine goals scored only to intercept 50-goal Tommy Blackwood in U.S. in 1956, later turned back to training throughout at his World's title for Ambassador John Hay Whitney, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Joseph M. Kurling.

continued

focus on the deed . . .



SPRINGING Tony Anthony's legs go flying after barrage by crafty old Archie Moore sent him to the canvas in sixth round of light heavyweight championship fight.



WHIRLING Parry O'Brien, his pose as classic as the one seen in background, gets off winning discus throw in Bucharest meet. Parry also set new European shotput mark.



RUSTLING Gallant Man left, Shomaker up, battle over finish line followed by Dedicate and Renegade in mile-and-eight race in which he set a new Belmont record.

PIGSKIN PANORAMA

In bothersome weather—generally damp and humid on the broad brim of the country and snowy in Wyoming—1987 football season slowly to its last last week. Season opens for the Big Ten, the Ivies and many of the major independents were still a week away; the stage was lit by some international contests and a few early conference struggles.

THE EAST

Oklahoma visited the Panthers of **Pittsburgh** and treated them like so many fat kittens, emerging with a 26-9 win and fair early odds in the nation's No. 3 rating (see page 20).

In helping to dedicate **Notre Dame**'s new stadium, fans stood as the Belgian national anthem was played for ex-King Leopold, then sat back in homes as **Notre** thrashed the **Eagles** 40-6 (see page 37). Quarterback Tom Foran's passing, less than needle sharp at times, and Halfback Ned Ockham's laudible running led the crushing offense.

THE SOUTH

Atlanta was the hottest football town in the country—and one of the hottest—throughout a day-night double-header at Grant Field. **Georgia Tech**, playing hell-bent for its seventh consecutive bowl bid, knocked off tough **Kentucky** 19-9 and pushed itself into the future books as a contender with Tennessee for the Southeast Conference title (see page 22). Sophomore Quarterback Fred Branson, in view of his guile, poise and passing talents, seemed to have won himself an exciting three-year job running the Yellow Jackets.

That night **Texas** marched through **Georgia**. The 26-7 score foretells a Texas revival under the new regime of Coach Darrell Royal.

In the Atlantic Coast Conference, top dog **Duke** avenged an upset of last year by plowing through second-rated **South Carolina** 26-14. Duke, trying but three games, moved Halfback George Dwyer and Wray Carlton through wide channels cleared by Fullback Hal McElhenny and Guard Ray Bled. **North Carolina** again got off on the wrong foot for Coach Jim Tarman, lost an upset decision to **N. C. State** 7-6.

Virginia Tech reinforced its claim to top billing in the Southern Conference by tripping **Tulane** 14-13. Most Virginia, conference co-favorite, scattered badly, tied Virginia 6-6.

THE MIDWEST

Washington State's brilliant quarterback, Rob Newnam, warning up his throwing arm, tossed for three touchdowns as the Cougars won a nonconference match from **Nebraska**, 34-12. Big, strong and experienced, Newnam forewarned that his team is an outside bet as the Pacific Coast's Rose Bowl choice.

Another red-hot passer, Ken (Model A) Ford rattled into **Tulsa** with his **North-**

Dakota buddies and hung a stunning upset on the Golden Hurricane, 14-9. The Cowboys now point to an October 12 Border Conference date with **Arizona State**, which itself had a pleasant day slithering through **Michigan** 28-0.

THE SOUTHWEST

Texas A&M bruted helmets with stubborn **Marshall** for three periods, then turned near disaster into mere embarrassment by punching over two touchdowns in the fourth to whip the Terrapins 21-13. Statistically, the Aggies took it in a breeze, but their overaggressive play cost them 125 yards in penalties.

Houston now stands alone in the Missouri Valley Conference. The Cougars took another stride toward high football honors by dumping favored **Missouri** 7-0. Hal Lewis and Claude King proved themselves two of the finest halfbacks in the Southwest.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Drexel ran wild in the broad streets of Salt Lake City after **Utah**'s wide-open 32-13 assault on **Nebraska**. The Coues, using three teams, passed for 225 yards, sprinted for 290 more and established themselves as best bet in the Skyline derby and natural-dark homes in their games against **Colorado** and **Army**.

Wyoming air also was filled with power (and snowflakes in the second period) as the Skyline defenders took **Kansas State** as their 12th consecutive victim, 12-7. At the close of each half, K-State goal-line drives were shot down by the gun.

THE FAR WEST

The balance of power in the Pacific Coast Conference seems once again to lie in the rain country of the Northwest. Conference Champion **Oregon State** used crisp blocking and its tailback ace, Joe Francis, as a downy to easily rattle over well-regarded **USC**, 28-0. Big gun for the Beavers' singling attack was Fullback Nub Bessner, who loomed for 133 yards and two touchdowns.

Jim Owens, keen on winning his first game as the **Washington** coach, was bitterly disappointed as **Colorado** held his Huskies to a 6-6 tie. "It's like kissing your sister, a 'he game,'" he said. "I'm sick over our performance."

California, due mainly to ill-advised fourth down running plays, stayed in the hole most of the afternoon and lost 19-6 to **SMU**, a team used a pushover in the Southwest Conference. The Mustangs, overweight nearly 16 pounds to a man, carved angle holes for Halfback Charlie Jackson. Jackson carried 10 times for 125 yards.

UCLA was just reach too reach too soon as they ran roughshod over the **Air Force Academy**, 47-6. Back Shaw, surging up his lads after their first big league start (see page 32) said: "We weren't good enough and we're not highly talented."

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

For Games of

Saturday, September 28

• **Tennessee**—**Alabama**. Tigers, with lionized line in conference, test Vols' vulnerability. The team that makes fewer mistakes wins. **TENNESSEE**.

• **Fordham**—**Notre Dame**. Rollerskaters may be tougher despite loss of passer Len Dawson. Horns-less Irish better, too. A must win for Notre Dame. Repeat **NOTRE DAME**.

• **Stanford**—**Northwestern**. Intrepid Indians with one scalp already on their belt will throw and throw, but Wildcats will win before nation-wide TV audience. **NORTHWESTERN**.

• **Pennsylvania**—**Penn State**. Improved Quakers will be an Ivy League threat this year, but Nittany Lion are potentially one of the nation's better teams. They speak another language. **PENN STATE**.

• **Ohio State**—**Nebraska**. Horned Frogs, tied by Karma, are not up to standard. Ground-based Beavers may take to the air. **OHIO STATE**.

• **Minnesota**—**Washington**. Gophers are once again the giants of the north. Huskies, strong on defense, can't cope with their attack. **MINNESOTA**.

• **West Virginia**—**Virginia Tech**. Southern Conference title will hinge on this one. Mountaineers not sharp in the wild Virginia. **VIRGINIA TECH**.

• **Kansas**—**Oregon State**. Jayhawks could have best team in several seasons and could give trouble if Beavers let down after big win over Trojans. **BH ... OREGON STATE**.

• **Georgia Tech**—**Southern Methodist**. Yellow Jackets successfully unraveled their new faces against Kentucky, while new Coach Bill Mear's Mustangs took California. **GEORGIA TECH**.

ALSO:

• **Winds over UCLA** (Sept. 27)

• **Arms over Nebraska**

• **Ralph over Houston**

• **Brown over Columbia**

• **Wish over Colorado**

• **Conch over Colgate**

• **Duke over Virginia**

• **Mississippi over Kentucky**

• **Louisiana State over Alabama**

• **Marshall over N. C. State**

• **Michigan State over Indiana**

• **Vanderbilt over Georgia**

• **Pittsburgh over Oregon**

• **Michigan over USC**

• **Texas over Tulane**

• **San Diego over William and Mary**

Last week's hunches:
25 right, 6 wrong, 4 ties

MEMO

from the publisher

TWO WEEKS AGO Tuesday night, at the final dinner of the President's Council on Fitness, Vice-President Richard M. Nixon presented four silver Revere bowls, the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED trophies, to four chapter presidents of the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce.

From more than 250 entries, the Jaycees had winnowed out 12 finalists in their nationwide competition to draft community fitness programs. This competition was held as part of Youth Fitness Week,



August 5-10. A distinguished board of judges,* then selected the four best programs, one for each of four different-size cities.

The young presidents and their wives arrived in New York as guests of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, were greeted by the Vice-President at the Waldorf, drove to West Point to the fitness conference, reviewed the Cadet Corps, and received their awards in the ballroom of the Hotel Thayer. Shown above with Vice-President Nixon and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Assistant Publisher Richard Neale, they are: Lee Scott, Winter Park, Fla.; Pat Goodwin, Albuquerque, N.M.; Frank Moore, Kingsport, Tenn.; Robert Dean, Midland, Texas.

The winners showed considerable initiative, and if you are interested, as I imagine every SI reader is, in the physical fitness of the youth of your own community, I would be glad to send a copy of the winning Jaycee program for a city the size of yours.

Our Jaycee friends returned home with the congratulations of the Fitness Council and the sincere thanks of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for creating a program "which reflects that union of strength and spirit to which the national fitness effort is dedicated."

Harry Phillips

* The judges: Charles E. Shuman, national Jaycee president; Sidney L. James, SI's Managing Editor; Dr. Shute MacCarthy, Executive Director, The President's Council on Youth Fitness; Ronnie Pridmore; Bobby Jones; Phil Kinsman; Otto Graham; Gene Tunney; Jesse Owens; Max Baer; Connelly.

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2.5.....	BRAND G.....	22.8
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YOUNG BODY

The Chittenango Choo Choo, Carmen Basilio, had a rough ride. But he sapped the strength of an aging champion and captured Robinson's middleweight title

THE MOST DETERMINED little man ever to fight a big man, Carmen Basilio worked his furious will on wily Sugar Ray Robinson at Yankee Stadium Monday night and happily abandoned his hard-won welterweight championship for the glory of the middleweight crown that Robinson has hitherto worn whenever he really wanted it, which is to say four separate times.

It was a triumph of body over mind, of Basilio's will over Robinson's will. The tough little Chittenango Choo Choo, looking like a toy train on a rough track, never deviated from his basic plan—a vicious, weakening attack on Robinson's waspish waist, varied with more than enough head blows to keep Robinson aware that he must protect himself everywhere. Robinson tried but couldn't. He turned then to his big punch, a natural resource that had won back the middleweight title from Babe Olson and Gene Fullmer. He tried it on Carmen Basilio, outweighed by 4½ pounds, and found at last a man who could shake it off. The Robinson will was not much good, either. You can't faint a freight train.

It did seem, for perhaps 30 seconds of the 12th round, that Robinson might score a knockout. Late in the round the preposterous Sugar man, 37 years old and still light on his dancing feet, put together a series of desperate punches that almost ended the fight. He crushed a right to Basilio's jaw, good enough to knock out an Olson or a Fullmer but good enough only to stagger Basilio. He immediately followed it with a smashing left, another right to the jaw—the classic one-two, smartly done. Basilio reeled back, and Robinson was on him, cut-quick and ball-strong, crush-

ing two more rights to the jaw.

Basilio was hurt, too dazed to fight back. He covered his head and took a right to the body, followed instantly as his guard dropped by a left hook to the jaw. He was a bleeding, groggy mess as he wobbled to his corner.

But his seconds patched him up and sent him out again. He fought brilliantly until, near the end of the round, he took a left hook that almost finished him. This time he had trouble finding his corner. In the 14th, Robinson threw another big hook at the end of the round, but it was clear that he no longer had the steam to put his man away.

But these brief episodes of mastery could not outweigh Basilio's sustained attack in round after round, hooking to body and head, digging his right under the heart, crossing it to Robinson's jaw. It was a split decision, though it seemed impossible that any score card could have given less than eight rounds to Basilio.

There will be a rematch, if Robinson wants it, and this prospect drew immediate cynical comment that Sugar Ray may lose a first fight but never lets a man beat him twice. The new champion, though, is one of the toughest fighters of his generation and at age 30 seems to be coming to his peak.

Robinson had talked of retirement, win or lose. If so, he could now retire with glory in defeat, for the crowd that roared its admiration for him at the end never has seen a champion lose more respectably. It was one of the great fights.

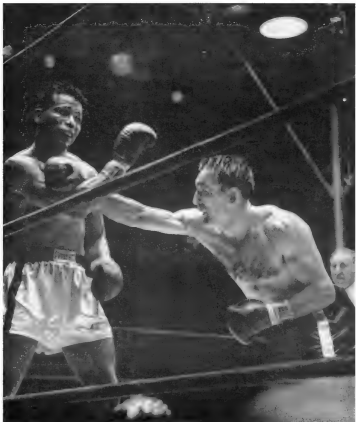
—MARTIN KANE

BASILIO varied hooks to the body—his favorite punch—with blows to the head, such as this one, bouncing off Sugar's jaw.



OVER OLD MIND

PHOTOGRAPH BY NINA JOHNSON



YANKS VS. BRAVES

For the first time in a decade, a western team carries the National League's hopes into the World Series. And a new era is here

by ROBERT CREAMER

IT IS POSSIBLE that history will not care particularly that this year's World Series will be the first one to be played in the Central Time Zone since 1946. Even the world of baseball, which treasures an infinite variety of strange records (page 198 of *Out For the Book*, 1957 edition, has, for example, "Most Games Won In One Season For One Club By Two Bespectacled Pitchers"), neglects to list "Most Consecutive World Series Played East of Toledo, Ohio."

But it's been a complete decade. Ten long years, during which only Cleveland in the great heartland of the nation had a chance to see Series bunting decorating the grandstand fence. And Cleveland, as any Kansan will tell you, is more a part of the Effete East (this is always capitalized in Topeka) than it is of the broad, wide-open Middle West.

In ten years, during which 26 separate and reasonably distinct World Series games were played, 34 were played in the East. Worse (this is being slanted for Midwesterners), 49 of the 54 were played in New York City. The World Series, the greatest sports event on the American scene, greater than the New Year's Day bowl games, greater than the Kentucky Derby, greater than the National Open, had deteriorated into just one more Sight To See in New York, ranking well ahead of Grant's Tomb but slightly behind the Empire State Building.

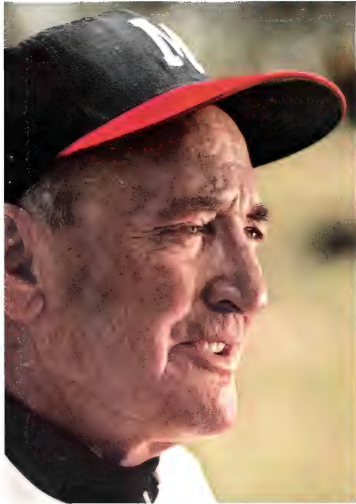
And now, all of a sudden, that era ended. The New York Yankees still have a bulging grip on the American League's share of the Series, but New York the city has relinquished its monopoly. When you get right down to it, the most appealing thing about the 1957 Series is the fact that the Brooklyn Dodgers aren't in it. This is said with full and appreciative realization that the Brooklyn team now quietly shriveling on the vine of age has been for 16 years one of the truly great baseball teams of all time. Neither you (who have watched the ever-changing Yankees) nor your grandfather (who raved about Frank Chance and Harry Steinbrenner and the old Cubs) ever saw a better one for skill-plus-longevity.

But its irritating habit of winning National League

but continued on page 17

MILWAUKEE MANAGER Fred Haney (right) knows that durability of Mickey Vento's legs (left) could be key to World Series.









NERVOUS HUSH

settles over huge Milwaukee crowd as hero Henry Aaron, once feared to win league batting title, faces pitcher



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YANKS VS. BRAVES

continued

penetrants at the same time the Yankees were ringing up championships in the American League led to a tedious procession: four times in the past five years did the Yankees and Dodgers meet in the World Series; five times in the last eight; seven times in the last 16. Inevitably, the answer to the annual question—Who would win the Series this year?—tended to become, as Brooklyn and the Yankees met year after year after year—Who cares?

And if the mere absence of Brooklyn makes the Series more appealing, the most refreshing and delightful thing—and, for non-Californians at any rate, the most cheerful aspect of the Dodgers' imminent transfer to Los Angeles—is the realization that at long last (and about time) the New York Yankees-Brooklyn Dodge World Series routine is over, done with, finished, as dead as vaudeville. The Subway Series—and at this point one must recall that the San Francisco-bound New York Giants played six Series against the Yankees, compared to the Dodgers' seven—is, blessed by diversification, now and forever no more.

Now, when Mickey Mantle swings his bat in the on-deck circle waiting his turn in the first inning of the third game of the 1967 Series, he will do it in County Stadium in Milwaukee instead of Ebbets Field. Now it will be another setting for the old, old fascination attending battles of champions: how will the Hero do against the New Challenger?

Of course, the most potent arm of the New Challenger belongs to one Warren Spahn, who won 30 games in the major leagues the summer that Mickey Mantle was a 15-year-old kid playing sandlot ball in the Ozark country. Nevertheless, Spahn at 35 has played in only one World Series while Mantle at 26 is entering his sixth. Mickey has proved himself in Series competition; Warren will be on trial. Mickey will bat right-handed against Warren (who is the only left-hander on the Braves' pitching staff, except for part-time workmen Juan Pizarro and Taylor Phillips), and students of the game, who are as fascinated by the individual components of the drama as they are by the whole, will watch this duel between the powerful young hitter and the shrewd old pitcher intently.

A SYMBOL NAMED MICKEY

That Mantle and Spahn should be symbolic of Yankees and Braves is a singular compliment to each, because each has as teammates some of the most remarkable ballplayers in the major leagues. Mantle has Yogi Berra; Spahn has Henry Aaron. Mantle has Gil McDougald; Spahn the incomparable Red Schoendienst. But Mantle is the New York Yankees, the home-run hitter, the powerful slugger, the one player all kids know about, and all old men. And Spahn is the Milwaukee Braves, after years of trying finally making it, the highly skilled artisan now called to the middle of the stage for the crucial test. How Mantle and Spahn do against one another may be symbolic, too, of the way the Series turns.

The odds will undoubtedly favor the Yankees and, by extension, Mantle. This reflects a widespread and rather unjustified lack of confidence in Milwaukee, as well as a time-honored faith in the Yankees. This distrust derives from the Braves' failure to win pennants in previous seasons, most notably 1955 (early-season collapse) and 1956 (late-season collapse), and from the Braves' spectacular streak of ineptitude during September's first two weeks.

Milwaukee lost eight of 11 games in that September soft spot, and of course it came at precisely the time when the second-place St. Louis Cardinals, a gifted and colorful but definitely erratic club, were putting on a flamboyant late-season winning rush. The Braves had in August opened up a commanding lead by staging a winning streak during a simultaneous slump by St. Louis and the three other pennant-contending teams, and now it seemed a dramatically perfect time for an antipendous movement. The Braves lost, the Cardinals won, and the Milwaukee lead of 2½ games diminished to 2½ games. Two and a half games never looked smaller. In Milwaukee, frustrated citizens, wholly identified with their failure-ridden Braves, wandered away from the ball park and morosely eyed the murky waters of the dark Milwaukee River.

NO DARK RIVER

But without too much fanfare the Braves came out of their slump, won, won again, and then again. Suddenly they were on a winning streak. The Cardinals, meanwhile, lost a game, and a day or so later another. The 2½-game lead opened up to five. Things were back to normal in Milwaukee. The river wasn't murky after all; just oily. The losing spell, said postoperative diagnoses (a medical term for second guess), was just a matter of the team not hitting for a few days. It seemed that true and simple now that the Braves were back in high gear, the pitching good most of the way, and the hitting sharp and timely every day.

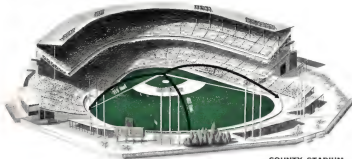
What with the Yankees idling along, casually conserving their lead—which most of the time was actually not much better than the Braves' lead in the National League—and losing nearly as often as they won, it really seemed that the odds makers should take some note of momentum, that inclination toward continuing in the same path, Milwaukee's path was victory, and it was aimed right at the Series.

Certainly it is true that anyone who might possibly be having trouble getting a bet down on the Yankees to beat the Braves can solve his problem easily by mentioning it anywhere in the Midwest. Even in St. Louis, where for a wild week or two haps flamed with the Cardinals, the rooting will be almost solidly pro-Milwaukee and anti-New York.

As this issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED went to press, St. Louis still held a small mortgage on a miracle. The miracle (a Cardinal pennant) required six St. Louis victories and at least five Milwaukee defeats in the last six games of the season. Foreclosure was extremely unlikely.

But even to defeat the Cardinals rated, and indeed had received on more than one occasion last week a standing ovation from baseball fans who had been led to believe that the National League pennant race was over and done with several weeks ago. No team fought more desperately to win; the word "desperately" is overworked, perhaps, but no other adverb describes the way the Cardinals scrambled from behind in game after game to stay in the race. No man in baseball has more right to feel self-satisfied than Frank Lane, the Cardinals' general manager, whose ruthless trading angered St. Louis and shook the morale of the ball club. Yet his judgments and decisions, which included the hiring of Fred Hutchinson—a respected manager with a great quality of leadership—were primarily responsible for the Cardinals rising from seventh to fourth to pennant contention in two seasons.

St. Louis and Milwaukee made the most of the National League season. Now it will be Milwaukee by itself trying to make the most of its chance against the Yankees. (CHR)



COUNTY STADIUM

BEER AND BRATWURST

THE MOST EXCITING place in the United States to watch baseball is Milwaukee's County Stadium, and the reason is not the Milwaukee Braves (who play a decidedly unimaginative brand of baseball) but the fans. Deified as naive applauders of the lead foul when they screamed their way through their maiden season of 1954 (incidentally setting a new National League attendance record, which they subsequently broke the following season and are breaking again this year), Milwaukeeans have since demonstrated as sound a knowledge of the game as any other group of major league fans. At the same time, they have not abandoned their fiery partisanship and outspoken enthusiasm. There is still to such thing as a legitimate called strike on a Milwaukee batter (even the so-called automatic strike on a 3-0 pitch is booed), and applause for a great play by an opposing player is never more than perfunctory. But the shrieking, noisy emotion generated by a packed Milwaukee grandstand makes a vigorous contrast with the sit-on-the-hands attitude of a Yankee Stadium World Series crowd. County Stadium patrons are there to see their team win, not to ogle at the spectacle.

They come to have fun, and for that reason the atmosphere during a game sometimes bears a resemblance to a slightly raucous picnic. The occasional note of shrillness in the crowd's aggre-

gate voice is traceable to the fact that the proportion of women in a County Stadium throng is very high, probably the highest in the major leagues. Baseball is a very big thing in Milwaukee, a town that has no horse racing and very little nightclubbing. When Pop goes to the ball game, Mom sees to it that it becomes a family outing. This is reflected not only in increased ticket sales, but also in exceptionally high per capita revenue at the concession stands, which feature an extraordinary variety of souvenirs (practically anything stamped with the word "Braves" or decorated with the Indian head symbol of the bull club is an automatic bestseller) as well as staples like beer and bratwurst.

The stadium was built in the early 1950s, just in time to be a decisive factor in the historic, pioneering transfer of the northern Boston Braves to life-giving Wisconsin. Its original 1953

seating capacity of 35,000 has since been expanded to 44,000, and that capacity has been exceeded, with the help of standees, on many occasions. The stadium is not entirely modern in concept; there are posts, and because of these some bad seats. But the design does concentrate the great majority of seats in the soaring grandstand as close to the infield part of the arena as possible. Eighty percent of the crowd is in the grandstand sector. The four separate bleacher sections around the outfield hold a total of about 8,000.

The stadium is located 3 miles west of downtown Milwaukee in a broad hollow, on the grounds where many adult Milwaukeeans played sandlot baseball in their boyhood. Practically everybody who goes to a game travels to the stadium by bus or automobile. Taxicabs are not numerous in Milwaukee. Dozens of buses come in from the city itself "specials" from downtown at a cost 50¢ round trip; riding in one is a little like going to a high school football game), from the county and from all parts of the state. Parking space for 11,000 automobiles extends in a huge, irregular semicircle all around the outfield reaches of the stadium. Local citizens complain about traffic jams before and after games, but compared to conditions around most other major league parks Milwaukee's handling of traffic is a paragon of efficiency. And parking costs only a quarter.

FACTS AND FIGURES

Seating capacity: 35,000 (standees can add 4,000); 3,993 box seats at \$10; 27,500 covered grandstand at \$2; 8,000 bleacher at \$2. Standing room: \$4.

Record crowd: 47,604 to see Braves play Cincinnati in 1956.

Game time: 1 p.m. C.D.T.

Television: NBC locally on Channel 40.

Radio: NBC locally on WTMJ.

This will be first World Series game played in stadium.

FROM BABE TO MICKEY

YANKEE STADIUM is one of the seven wonders of the baseball world, along with such more animate objects as Ted Williams, Stan Musial and the beer-throwing fans of otherwise gentle Philadelphia. The stadium is neither the oldest major league baseball park nor the largest, but it is by far the most famous. And with good reason. Since it was built, in 1923, the greatest baseball in the world has been displayed here year after year, and the greatest players: Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle. Statistical evidence of this blood-and-muscle superiority: this is the stadium's 35th season and this is the stadium's 21st World Series.

The stadium is an imposing sight from the outside, with its neat, light-beige concrete exterior, and it is just as imposing inside: triple-decked grandstands, rising to eerie heights in the uppermost rows of the third deck; huge outfield, extending 461 feet into the left-center-field "graveyard" (where three tombstonelike monuments and two bronze plaques honor the memories of dead Yankee heroes of the past: Ruth, Gehrig, Manager Miller Huggins, Owner Jacob Ruppert, General Manager Ed Barrow). Ballplayers new-

ly come to Yankee Stadium are, more often than not, as impressed by their first view of the great ball park as are rubber-necking tourists in the stands.

With all this rosette glamour, the stadium provides theater. Some of its box seats are cramped together or located in the distant outfield wings of the grandstand, slightly northeast of suburban Yonkers. Many of its reserved seats are behind poles or stuck far back in the last rows of the lower and mezzanine decks, from where, in a sense, the game is seen through a slit, darkly. Stadium ushers are as irritatingly rude as ever, though connoisseurs

admire the deft skill with which they dust a dustless chair with one hand while reaching for a tip with the other. Certain ticket holders have the privilege of using the Stadium Club, a bar and restaurant located in the stadium, but the majority of spectators will have to eat downtown or settle for a frank and a beer at their seats.

Then, too, the stadium, located in the borough of The Bronx, some six miles north of midtown Manhattan, is one of the more difficult places in the world to drive a car to. You can come 50 miles over magnificent modern highways to within 300 yards of the stadium in less than an hour, and then spend 40 minutes creeping the last 300 yards to a jammed-up parking space. Parking cost: \$2 and up. If you're driving it's wise to park two or three subway stops away and go rapid transit the last part of your journey. Subway is the best way from downtown (15¢ and a crowded 20 minutes, via IRT or Independent lines). Cabs from midtown cost about \$2.50, and they, too, get caught in traffic jams.

But, despite all, the stadium at Series time, like the exhausting climb to the top of the Statue of Liberty, is well worth the trouble.

FACTS AND FIGURES

Seating capacity: 67,000 (standees can add 1,000); 15,000 box seats at \$10.50; 33,000 reserved grandstands at \$7.34; 14,000 bleacher at \$2.10; standing room \$4.25.

Record baseball crowd: 81,941 to see Yankees play Red Sox in 1938. (Record sport crowd: 88,158 to see Joe Louis fight Max Baer in 1935. Biggest crowd ever: 106,000 to see Billy Graham in July 1962.)

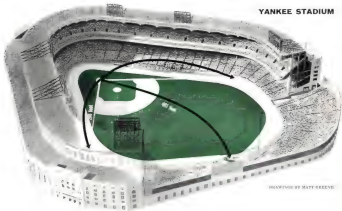
Game time: 3 p.m. E.D.T.

Telecasts: NBC (cable) on Channel 41.

Radios: NBC (cable) on WRCA.

First game with two World Series games by stadium. Yankees have won 37 of those.

YANKEE STADIUM



DRAWING BY MATT GREENE



SCOUTING REPORT

HITTERS

44

HENRY AARON

CF, Bats R, .235, 12 HR, 21 RBI



BATTING: Slows things up a spot on club, then suddenly winds up and swings low with great power in all fields. Plug him into left or right corner. Never misses. Can lead ball to home or to more than 100 feet out to water.

FIELDING: Strong, fine, noticeably light-footed; strong lateral agility. In left shoulder and in the field. In left base running: Good speed for a left fielder from New York Yankees.

4

RED SCHOENDELST

2B, Bats L-R, .211, 23 HR, 41 RBI



BATTING: Flashes high swing, heavy but stays high in all fields. Only low power can pull sharply down line hitting left will no more than 100 ft. In Yankee Stadium, high swing hit, not hitting left. Any lead better hitting right. Lays out right lead.

FIELDING: One of the great center fielders, smooth, slightly above average. There are quick, on-the-spot plays. Most of them is made up of ground ball.

BASE RUNNING: Smart, aggressive, but has been out of the game for a while.

41

EDDIE MATHWS

1B, Bats S, .216, 11 HR, 40 RBI



BATTING: Everything and better with great swing, gets out about 100 ft. will be deadly dangerous in Yankee Stadium. Hard to get inside fast, makes some mistakes, but can get on a base line hit to center with high ground.

FIELDING: Reverse of size, nearly always in standard, but in some cases, some of the above average 100 ft. can get into center field with a few strong arms.

BASE RUNNING: Won't steal but has good speed. In 1954, he stole 10 bases.

1

DEL CRANDALL

C, Bats R, .232, 12 HR, 41 RBI



BATTING: Good enough to get a runner on in most cases, but usually gets out of the zone. Stay away from his own home, he is very sharp and will put a few hard shots in the outfield.

FIELDING: A very good fielder, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one.

BASE RUNNING: Very good, but not a great one.

23

JOHNNY LOGAN

SS, Bats R, .232, 12 HR, 41 RBI



BATTING: Good enough to get a runner on in most cases, but usually gets out of the zone. Stay away from his own home, he is very sharp and will put a few hard shots in the outfield.

FIELDING: A very good fielder, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one.

BASE RUNNING: Very good, but not a great one.

9

JOE ADCKOCK

1B, Bats R, .232, 12 HR, 41 RBI



BATTING: Good enough to get a runner on in most cases, but usually gets out of the zone. Stay away from his own home, he is very sharp and will put a few hard shots in the outfield.

FIELDING: A very good fielder, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one.

BASE RUNNING: Very good, but not a great one.

43

WES COVINGTON

LF, Bats L, .216, 12 HR, 41 RBI



BATTING: Good enough to get a runner on in most cases, but usually gets out of the zone. Stay away from his own home, he is very sharp and will put a few hard shots in the outfield.

FIELDING: A very good fielder, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one.

BASE RUNNING: Very good, but not a great one.

12

BOB HAZLE

RF, Bats L, .216, 12 HR, 41 RBI



BATTING: Good enough to get a runner on in most cases, but usually gets out of the zone. Stay away from his own home, he is very sharp and will put a few hard shots in the outfield.

FIELDING: A very good fielder, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one.

BASE RUNNING: Very good, but not a great one.

14

FRANK TORRE

1B, Bats S, .216, 12 HR, 41 RBI



BATTING: Good enough to get a runner on in most cases, but usually gets out of the zone. Stay away from his own home, he is very sharp and will put a few hard shots in the outfield.

FIELDING: A very good fielder, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one. He is very fast, but not a great one.

BASE RUNNING: Very good, but not a great one.

BOARD OF STRATEGY



HANK



RYAN



STOLE



ROOT



SEELY

Stolen bases and runs made a difference in 1954 only to Stengel among major league managers. In 1954, Stengel was in a unique position, having won the 1953 National League pennant with the Cardinals. The league manager's career began with the Cardinals in 1954, and he nearly ended it after three straight eighth-place finishes in 1955, 1956, and 1957. Stengel's years on the bench



SCOUTING REPORT

HITTERS

7 MICKEY MANTLE

CF, Bats L-R, .345, 54 HR, 32 RBI



BATTING: Perhaps the most dangerous hitter in baseball. His bat is powerful enough to drive the ball at tremendous speed. Can hit any pitch for extra base or blast out a home. No longer a clean-fielder.

FIELDING: In the past, he was a good defensive player. Now, he is a liability.

BASE RUNNING: Always good for extra base. Defense should be alert.

8 YOGI BERRA

C, Bats L-R, .265, 22 HR, 71 RBI



BATTING: Berra is a powerful hitter and a good fielder. He is a left-handed batter and a left-handed pitcher. He is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

FIELDING: Berra is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

BASE RUNNING: Berra is a good base runner. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

12 GIL McDOUGALD

SS, Bats R-L, .276, 13 HR, 42 RBI



BATTING: Outstanding fast-ball hitter. Always on the alert. Good defensive player. Always on the alert. Good defensive player. Always on the alert. Good defensive player.

FIELDING: McDougald is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

BASE RUNNING: McDougald is a good base runner. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

14 BILL SKOWRON

1B, Bats R-L, .286, 17 HR, 42 RBI



BATTING: Skowron is a powerful hitter and a good fielder. He is a left-handed batter and a left-handed pitcher. He is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

FIELDING: Skowron is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

BASE RUNNING: Skowron is a good base runner. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

9 HANK BAUER

RF, Bats R-L, .212, 12 HR, 41 RBI



BATTING: Bauer is a powerful hitter and a good fielder. He is a right-handed batter and a right-handed pitcher. He is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

FIELDING: Bauer is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

BASE RUNNING: Bauer is a good base runner. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

34 TONY KUBER

1F-OF, Bats L-R, .284, 12HR, 37RBI



BATTING: Kuber is a powerful hitter and a good fielder. He is a left-handed batter and a left-handed pitcher. He is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

FIELDING: Kuber is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

BASE RUNNING: Kuber is a good base runner. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

36 HARRY SIMPSON

OF-1B, Bats L-R, .261, 12HR, 37RBI



BATTING: Simpson is a powerful hitter and a good fielder. He is a left-handed batter and a left-handed pitcher. He is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

FIELDING: Simpson is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

BASE RUNNING: Simpson is a good base runner. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

17 ENOS SLAUGHTER

L-F, Bats R-L, .254, 5 HR, 35 RBI



BATTING: Slaughter is a powerful hitter and a good fielder. He is a right-handed batter and a right-handed pitcher. He is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

FIELDING: Slaughter is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

BASE RUNNING: Slaughter is a good base runner. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

29 BOBBY RICHARDSON

1B, Bats R-L, .262, 5 HR, 35 RBI



BATTING: Richardson is a powerful hitter and a good fielder. He is a right-handed batter and a right-handed pitcher. He is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

FIELDING: Richardson is a good defensive player. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

BASE RUNNING: Richardson is a good base runner. He is a good offensive player. He is a good all-around player.

BOARD OF STRATEGY



STENGEL

GRIFFITH

MILLER

FURNESS

Leathery, wrinkled, double-talking **CHUCK STENGEL** has been the undisputed success of the World Series, both as player and manager. A National League outfielder from 1912-1923 (.284 lifetime average), Stengel batted .300 in three World Series with the Dodgers and Giants. He was twice manager for the latter in 1923, thereby arranging for only two games they won from Yankee that year. As a manager, Stengel failed to finish higher than fifth place in nine seasons with Dodgers and Braves, but as Yankee manager since 1949 his teams have won eight pennants and six World Series.

SERIES CRITIQUE

An appraisal and comparison of the 1957 World Series teams: how they throw, hit, field and run—and which of the two should emerge as World Champion

PITCHING

The outcome of a World Series frequently depends upon two factors: which team can better produce three dependable starters backed up by a good relief man or two, and which pitching staff has the balance to take advantage of its opponents' relative strengths and weaknesses. Both of this year's teams are splendidly equipped to handle the first. The Braves have Buhl, Burdette and the incomparable Spahn, who between them have won almost 60 games, plus the solid support of Townbridge, Conley and McMahon. The Yankees have Ford, Sturdivant, Shantz and Turley, backed up by Grime, Kucka, Dittmar and, perhaps, Lamen. If the Yankees cannot match the Braves with big individual winners, it must be noted that their

ERA is much more impressive. At this point the two teams would appear virtually equal. But in the matter of tactical versatility the Yankees have the edge. Evenly-proportioned County Stadium presents no problem, but in Yankee Stadium, site of the first two games (and the last two of a seven-game Series), the short right-field line and vast expanses in left virtually dictate that both teams use left-handers. The Yankees have two, Ford and Shantz, while the Braves have only Spahn. In addition, Buhl, Conley and McMahon are primarily fast-ball pitchers, a species the Yankees usually devour alive. The Braves like the fast ball, too, but all Yankee starters except Turley, who has the speed to overpower anyone, use breaking stuff as their big weapon.

VERDICT

SLIGHT EDGE
TO THE
YANKEES

HITTING

The Braves lead both major leagues in home runs (50 more than the Yankees) and have four truly big sluggers in Aaron, Mathews, Adcock and Covington. The Yankees have only two—Mantle and Berra. Skowron and Bauer are power hitters, yet Rookie Bob Hade has hit more home runs per times at bat than either one. And not McDougald or Simpson or Slaughter or any of the other Yankees has hit as many home runs as Red Schoendienst, who is not really a distance hitter at all, or Del Crandall. The Braves have also hit more doubles

and triples and the batting average of their starting team is definitely superior. The one advantage held by the Yankees lies in the depth and ability and strategic value of that great bench. Where Hanev has less than a handful of dependable pinch-hitters (Sawatski, Pafko or Hade depending upon the lineup, Torre and perhaps Rice and Nippy Jones), Stengel can call upon Slaughter, Howard, Simpson, Collins, Carey, Kubek, Richardson, Coleman and Lumpe. Three or four of these will be in the lineup but the rest will be on the bench, waiting to grab a bat.

SLIGHT EDGE
TO THE
BRAVES

FIELDING

There is one basic difference between these two clubs in the field: the Yankees almost never beat themselves, the Braves frequently do. Both teams have fine catching, but around the infield only Schoendienst, for the Braves, is a really gifted glove man,

while the Yankees have McDougald, Richardson, Coleman, Kubek and Carey. And the Milwaukee outfield of Aaron, Covington and Pafko or Hade is markedly inferior to Mantle, Bauer and whomever Stengel plays opposite Covington any particular day in left field.

SOLID EDGE
TO THE
YANKEES

BASE RUNNING

The Yankees use unusual team speed all through the lineup to stretch their hits, take the extra base and, when the occasion arises, to steal. Bauer, Mantle, Kubek, Richardson, McDougald, Carey and Lumpe can all move; none of the others are really slow. The Braves, on the other

hand, do not run well at all. Only Bruton, who may not even play, and Mantilla, a reserve, have exceptional speed. Among the others, Mathews is considered the best. Logan, Schoendienst, Aaron, Covington, Pafko and Hade have fair speed but no real flair for running the bases. The others are definitely slow.

BIG EDGE
TO THE
YANKEES

SUMUP

Near-equal strength in pitching and hitting—the two big factors in any baseball game—should make this an even, interesting Series. But the marked Yankee advantage in speed and skill, both on the bases and in the

field; the inexperience of the Braves in World Series play; and the very tangible presence of the deep and versatile Yankee bench would appear to give the World Champions once again a very definite edge.

THE EDGE
TO THE
YANKEES



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"... opinion of
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"... brings at a
low ebb and hits
a sharp line drive
into short center
field for..."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

NEW YORK FAILS TO BLAZE • JIM NORRIS HAS ANOTHER
SETBACK • ARCHIE'S LESSON IN DEFENSE • GOLF BALL
STUDY • O'BRIEN IN BUCHAREST • NONMYSTERIOUS SHOE

L.A., TAKE IT AWAY

FOR a generation it has been hallowed political doctrine in New York City that public funds can—and should—be spent for slum clearance. Last week New York's city fathers waved the Brooklyn Dodgers to Los Angeles on the ground that there is no hallowed political doctrine in New York permitting them to invest public money in the kind of municipal clearance and development that it would take to keep the Dodgers at home.

The whole issue was inebriately clarified by Nelson Rockefeller's plan (SI, Sept. 23) to save the Dodgers. Rockefeller urged the city to condemn 12 lighted acres in downtown Brooklyn at a cost of about \$3 million, essentially as an act of municipal development. Rockefeller would then purchase the land from the city for \$2 million (he later raised the ante to \$3 million) and in turn lease part of it, rent free, to the Dodgers for the stadium which the club would finance. At the end of 20 years first the Dodgers, then the city, would have the option of repurchasing the land at cost plus 2½% interest. (\$3 million plus interest, priced him out of the deal, Brooklyn's Walter O'Malley said sourly.) The remainder of the tract was to be improved by Rockefeller.

New York's Board of Estimate simply saw it as a "giveaway" of the taxpayers' money.

Rockefeller argued that his plan "would increase value in the entire area and add to the city's tax revenues so as to offset a temporary loss to the city in the price of land." (In Los Angeles it is calculated that big league ball will bring 20 million new dollars in to the economy yearly, not to mention the intangible boost to city pride.) This vision the fathers did not have the eyes to see—nor were their constituents

marching and counter-marching in the streets to emphasize it to them. New Yorkers just did not seem to care very deeply. On the whole issue, said one of Mayor Wagner's secretaries, "an occasional letter dribbles in."

It is a pretty good axiom of U.S. politics that elected jobholders move when the voters build a fire under them. If the Dodgers move to Los Angeles it will be because the old home town glow never burst into flame.

TWO DECREES

THE MAN WHO MADE the Robinson-Basilio fight wasn't there. A month before, James D. Norris, International Boxing Club president, came down with a violent attack of food poisoning after a corned beef sandwich and a boxing commission hearing at which Sugar Ray Robinson threatened to walk out on the match.

When the fighters entered the ring at Yankee Stadium 29 days later, Jim Norris was still at St. Clare's Hospital under treatment for—not just food poisoning but a heart condition, a kidney ailment, a disorderly liver and, very likely, the emotional strain of recent events that have threatened his boxing empire and, for a time, threatened what promised to be one of the more glorious matches of his sporting career. He heard on radio a fight that may have been his boxing swan song.

For now two decrees have been entered against Jim Norris. The first was Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan's pronouncement that the IBC must be broken up to end its monopoly of boxing. The second was a decree of nature. From the first there is the possibility of a successful appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. But nature's decrees are irrevocable.

There are persistent reports that in

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

• The U.S. Welcomes the Rules

The State Department's ruling that Red Chinese and other Communist athletes may be admitted to this country for the 1960 Winter Olympics was the fingerprinting requirement has no wider implication. The department will still not allow Red athletes in for such non-Olympic affairs as a home-and-home series of track meets between the U.S. and Russia unless the visitors are fingerprinted.

• Dave Slone Looks to '60

Record-breaking splinter Dave Slone plans to turn his back on baseball honors offers (which might have gone as high as \$25,000), in order to "concentrate on track" until he realizes his "see big ambition"—to make the 1960 Olympic team. He missed the 1958 Olympics because of a pulled groin muscle.

• The Golden West

The California Horse Racing Board has offered an indication of the risk-loving nature of Californians. It reported that in the last fiscal year citizens and visitors wagered a whopping \$469,229,716 at the tracks.

• A Brown Call to Watch

The Midwest's top candidate for 2-year-old racing honors—Fred Hooper's stylish brown colt Alhambra—won a \$10,000 purse in his first eastern start last week—because the horse to watch in this Saturday's classic test for 2-year-olds, the \$50,000 Belmont Futurity. Up on Alhambra: Eddie Aron.

due course Jim Norris will announce his retirement from boxing for reasons of health. NBC staff scientists, the reports are "fallacious." The reports are speculative but they make a certain good sense in view of Norris's long confinement, his history of a coronary thrombosis seven years ago and the likelihood that boxing's immediate future—in the ring and in court—will not be serene, will call for all the strength a healthy man can muster.

Norris is the sort of man who would prefer not to quit, would like to go down fighting. But who would say that, if he were forced to quit now, he did not go down fighting? At times the referee should intervene to save a fighter from unnecessary punishment.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has long opposed Norris's monopolistic control of boxing, which seems now to be breaking up, both in the courts and in Cus D'Amato's intransigent refusal to let his heavyweight champion have anything to do with the IBC. On principle, we would still like to see Norris's solitary reign ended but we would like to see this powerful, lusty figure of sport restored to good health, too.

THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH

I THY NEVER to let nobody hit me," Archie Moore once said, and it is this self-sufficiency which has perpetuated Archie. Last week in a Los Angeles hall he demonstrated again, for those who might have missed, just how it is done. The occasion was another prize fight for the light-heavyweight championship of the world, and Archie's opponent this time was Tony Anthony, a slender young fellow from Harlem who could box resourcefully and hit resoundingly; but doubts were thick about the quality of his lightning hands and chin. There were, indeed, doubts about Archie as well. He had to reduce in a very short time from well over 200 pounds to the division limit of 175 if he was not to forfeit his title. He did this, although it took three weigh-ins before the last extra quarter pound vanished, and when Archie appeared in the black corner at the 10th rope, Anthony looked emotionally fit if a bit ludicrous in voluminous, Bermuda-baggy trunks. Another doubt was whether at 40 (or 43, it makes little difference) and after knockouts by Mancini and Patterson, Archie still had what it takes. As the fight progressed this uncertainty was shed quicker than the quarter pound. But it was not the way Archie hit that was so enlightening—it was, again, the

manner in which Archie was not hit.

Long ago The Old Artillerer constructed a defense in which he thrusts his arms horizontally across his chest and, hunching, withdraws his head below his meaty right forearm. This armor has stood him in good stead, although it lends him the aspect of someone who has stumbled upon a horrible sight. Over and over, Anthony would lash out with flurries that bounced off these arms or the hard top of that fine old thinking head. When Anthony quit these futile assaults, Moore would come out and pursue the challenger with sweeping hooks and clubbing right leads. "I try never, never, to get hit in the head," Archie has said.

Despite these frustrations, Anthony was doing perfectly all right until the sixth round. In fact, he won the second, and perhaps the third; and with a minute gone, Moore worked him against the ropes and drove three left hooks to the side of his head. The challenger skidded along the ropes, tentatively grasping the topmost strand. Encouraging no opposition, Moore then hit Anthony with 12 consecutive punches and finally, with but six seconds remaining, Anthony sank. In the seventh round, Moore trapped his man in a corner, set him up with two left hooks and crossed with the right on his hands and knees. Anthony stared vacantly, almost piously, at his handlers as Referee Mueby Callahan hastily intervened. Anthony had lost, but his heart and chin had been vindicated.

Later, while Archie was eating in his dressing room, a man came in and whispered to him that Anthony was sobbing uncontrollably in his dressing room. Archie pushed his way down the crowded corridor to Anthony's room. From beneath the ice pack on his swollen eye, tears welled and rolled down Anthony's cheek.

Archie put his arm about Anthony's slender shoulders—an arm as thick as Anthony's neck.

"Don't do that, boy," he said soothingly. "Just let me tell you something. You had me going out there tonight. You were knocking those punches in there a mile a minute—and they hurt. You just keep on training the way you been, and there won't be anything for you to be sad about."

After a moment's silence, Anthony looked up and tried a weak grin.

Archie ruffled his playfully on the shoulder. "I'll tell you," he said, "you made the old man reach away down into his bag of tricks tonight."

Tony Anthony grinned again. "Man," he said, "I'd sure like to get in that bag, too."

WHITHER THE GOLF BALL?

FOR 71 years researchers at Arthur D. Little, Inc. of Cambridge, Mass. have been specializing in the solution of abstract technical problems, major and minor. They have, among other things, designed a solar furnace which generates temperatures of 3,500° Fahrenheit, produced special chemicals which enabled U.S. agents to outwit enemy bloodhounds in World War II, and developed chemical substitutes for chicken feathers. Now Little & Co. are at work on another: the U.S. Golf Association has asked them to develop a golf ball which would reduce—but not totally eliminate—the advantage long drivers currently have over the average hitter.

Golf, USGA officials reasoned, is primarily a game of skill, and the advantage now enjoyed by the power boys is simply too large. In addition, long hitting is forcing country clubs to lengthen their fairways, thus increasing the game's overhead.

Unlike the situation in baseball, however, it is impossible to blame golf's longer drives on a rabbit ball. Since 1898, when the "modern" Haskell ball came into play, only minor improvements have been made, and to avoid a technological race between manufacturers, as well as to keep the game standardized, the USGA as long ago as 1942 developed a machine to test the velocity of golf balls. The velocity must be between 245 and 255



feet a second, as determined by the machine, or the association won't approve it. Clearly, the credit—or blame—for long drives lies with the players.

Now, the USGA cannot very well legislate against a man's driving power; hence the interest in the ball. The Arthur Little scientists looking into it are Drs. William Gordon and Henry Blau, and for some time now they have been busily taking and examining stereoscopic pictures of shots hit by all sorts of golfers—long and short. In the process they have discovered some interesting things about the golf swing.

According to Blau, a 27-year-old xeno-golfing Ph.D. from Ohio State,

continued

continued

"the ball's trajectory is fixed before the follow-through begins; so it doesn't have any influence on its flight." Its importance, he says, is in helping the golfer to groove his swing. And the swing's the thing. Long hitters like Billy Joe Patton, Blau concludes, don't impart some sapstrength through their arms; they are merely extremely skillful at hitting the ball squarely.

Blau and Gordon have also verified one locker room superstition while exploding another. Getting plenty of backspin on a ball will give it an aerodynamic lift which results in greater distance. Talk about what motion imparting greater distance to a drive is justifying. Even those hippies of wrists doesn't add significantly to the velocity of either club head or ball.

All these, of course, are observations subsidiary to the main purposes of the experiments: But they, unfortunately, are not far enough along to enable Blau and Gordon to predict what the golf ball of the future will look like. But Blau, hauling from his desk some of those curve-bedecked charts dearly loved by physicists, wails and says: "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if we start having softer golf balls."

SHOUTS IN BUCHAREST

BECAUSE of his big grin and easy-going way, but most of all because he was an American and looked just like an American is supposed to look—jolly and strapping—Parry O'Brien was the people's choice in Bucharest last week. As the bulwark of a touring American track team which competed in a 24-nation meet in the Rumanian capital, Olympic Champion O'Brien set a new European record in the shotput (69 feet 10 inches) and won the discus with a middling toss of 168 feet 7 inches. At the night-long postmeet dance in a restaurant in the Park of Rest and Culture, O'Brien was the delight of the onlookers. Although he could not match the fancy jiving of Sprinter Ira Murchison or Shotgunner Earlene Brown, O'Brien made Rumanian Discus Thrower Nina Pomratova, once celebrated for an equivocal shoplifting incident in London (SI, Sept. 10, Oct. 22), the radiant belle of the ball by allowing her to monopolize him for the evening.

But the greatest moment had come at twilight as the tiny American team—three whites, three Negroes—paraded the darkening track in Republic

Stadium before the 50,000 who lingered for the closing ceremonies. As the American flag, high and rippling, passed the stands a full, spontaneous shout went up. "O'Brien! O'Brien!" chanted the crowd. And "SUA! SUA! [United States]." It is not often that the Stars and Stripes is borne in Bucharest or that one has the opportunity to roar out SUA, or, for that matter, a grand old name like O'Brien.

SAINT FOR MILWAUKEE

DURING the heat of the stretch drive in Milwaukee, a sermon at a Wisconsin Ave. church was crisscrossed with these words: "I'm sure many of you will be going out to County Stadium this afternoon and I just wish I could give you the name of a saint whose intercession you might seek in order to keep the Braves in first place. But I don't know of any saint who is a patron of baseball."

Nonetheless St. Thomas, the Good Thief of Calvary, of whom the late Dempster MacMurphy, a Chicago newspaper man, wrote: "He roams the outfield of eternity, making shoe-string catches of souls."

END OF A MYSTERY

THE great Russian jumping-shoe mystery, which had the press of Paris and London racking like chickens inspecting an ostrich egg a few weeks ago (SI, Sept. 9), isn't Russian at all. It turns out, and should never have been a mystery. Russia's two seven-foot jumpers, Igor Kashkarov and Yuri Stepanov, did wear shoes with extremely thick, spiked rubber soles this year in establishing their marks. The shoes did give them a

decided increase in efficiency. But Scandinavian jumpers have been quietly using just such shoes for five years.

News, however, is a curious commodity: like water, it sometimes seeks underground channels, and sometimes moves faster by word of mouth than by electronic communications. Great portions of the world of athletics in both Europe and the U.S. seem to have remained completely ignorant of the newest thing in high jumping. Last week in New York, Finland's national track coach, Armas Valste—who is beginning a U.S. tour under the sponsorship of the State Department—explained both the background of the thick-soled shoe and its effect on high jumping with great clarity.

"As far as I can tell," he said, "a shoe of this kind was first used in Sweden. Their best jumper, Bengt Nilsson, has been using a thick-soled shoe for about five years. A couple of years ago one of our jumpers, Eric Salminen, showed up one day with one of them. I said, 'What is that you are wearing?' He said, 'Nilsson wears one, so I'm trying it.' Now most of our jumpers use them. They give a great improvement in performance—I would say from three to five inches. Of course, you must remember that the two Russian jumpers, who have done the best with them, are very good jumpers anyhow, very good boys. I am only surprised that Ernie Shellen and Charlie Dumas have not adopted this shoe."

There are three reasons for its effect on jumping. To begin with, the thick sole raises the jumper from 18 to 20 millimeters off the ground. Second, and most important, it is a sort of built-in inclined plane—it artificially makes the jumper go uphill during his approach. Those African natives who jump so high run up any hills—actually run up inclined planes as they jump. A man running on the level tends to go forward, not up, and even a slight uphill slant helps him. Third, since the jumper's heel is lower than his toes his foot becomes a more efficient lever—it moves through a greater arc—and he can apply power for a fraction of a second longer in jumping."

Valste has ordered 12 more of the new shoes for Finnish jumpers—but with reluctance. Though the new shoes raise no proper mystery, they do raise a question of principle. Says Valste: "I am against these shoes. It is the athlete, not his equipment, which should be important."



SOCIAL PATTERN

The ends cross; they stop and shake;
The game falls incomplete.
A wild play, but every way
To make ends meet.

—DAN FINK



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OKLAHOMA GUYS ALWAYS STAY EAGERLY NEAR BUD WILKINSON LINE BUCK BY MORRIS (top BRINGS USUAL FIERCE ONE BLOCKING

FOOTBALL: FIRST WEEK

AN EARLY

Too many white shirts

Bobby Boyd stood next to his locker dressing. He looked as though he wanted to stand in it, had his size permitted, to get away from the crowd pressing around him. He was just 19. His hands trembled uncontrollably as he worked the Windsor knot of his tie into position. The white shirt he had just donned was already mottled with nervous sweat, a reaction from his first big-time college football game. It was hard to believe that this pink-cheeked, scared youth had just helped Oklahoma roll over Pittsburgh 26-0 as though the big, lumbering Panthers were somebody's junior varsity. He had not feared, though he had gained admirably. He was typical of the legion of energetic neophytes rising to fill the gaps left at Oklahoma by the departed Tommy McDonald and Jerry Tubbs. He was talented. He had an unshakable faith in his coach, Bud Wilkinson, and he had learned the Wilkinson method as he would have learned a catechism. He seemed unable to understand the ease with which his team had beaten Pittsburgh. "Coach told us they would be the toughest team we would meet all season," he said. "We wanted to win, sure, but we didn't expect to,

least not like this. Why, that Pitt line they were all writing about, I ran tougher lines in practice!"

The youth and energy of Oklahoma got to Pittsburgh midway in the second quarter. Tiredness ate its way into the Pittsburgh line, although man-for-man the Panthers averaged some 18 pounds heavier. Every seven minutes a new Oklahoma unit, fresh and eager, would enter the ball game. Pittsburgh Coach John Michelosen had no spare unit. He had to stay with his front-line troops and watch as the fresh, white Sooner horde breached the Pitt forward wall. John G. Zimmerman, with a long-lens camera, graphically caught these moments (above).

Clendon Thomas, Oklahoma's great halfback, realized Pitt had had it midway in the second quarter. "Their pursuit dropped off. If they didn't get us at the line, they just dropped off and left it up to the secondary."

Oklahoma scored once in the second quarter. Fearing the legendary Pitt second-half surge, the Sooners poised on the steam in the third quarter and scored three more.

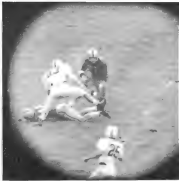
Wilkinson, a restless perfectionist, was happy with the win, but at the

same time discontented. "I was pleased with the line. But we're going to have to work harder, move faster. We have some tough games coming up." And his players, who continue to comprise the decade's finest football machine, heard him and nodded agreement.

However, Pittsburgh was the toughest opponent Oklahoma will face all year. The devastating results of this encounter indicate clearly that Wilkinson has another championship team on his hands, another Orange Bowl invitation (and victory) ahead and another rating as the best team in the country, for no opponent on the remainder of the schedule is likely to beat the Sooners.

It is a pity Oklahoma will not be coming up against one of the top Big Ten teams—Michigan, Michigan State or Minnesota—this season or next—or even against some of their more powerful neighbors in the South and Southwest. Perhaps such teams are the only true yardstick of the Sooners' potential. But New Year's Day holds out some hope. If all goes as it should, Oklahoma will then come up against an Orange Bowl opponent capable of providing true test of its skill. It would be interesting to see the Sooners really having to work for their victory.

—DON FARKER



PIT BLOCKS COULDN'T HOLD SCORERS WHO WENT UNDER OR OVER LONG LENS CAMERA SHOWS IMMOBILITY OF ONE DEFENSE

SHOW OF FORCE



Too many naval salvos

They sent 33 members of the Brigade of Midshipmen from Annapolis to Boston to help Boston College dedicate its new stadium last Saturday. All 33 put on football uniforms, and before the day was out each had had a part in piling up a 46-6 score that left Bostonians wondering whether they invited the right guests to the christening.

Nonetheless, it was a truly awesome display of naval power. Although Coach Eddie Erdelatz used his reserves generously once the result began to become apparent, it was quite obvious that first-string Quarterback Tom Fornestral *is* ready to lead Coach Erdelatz' split-T offense with impressive poise, judgment and finesse.

Any number of pigskin seers has picked this present Navy team as potentially the finest of Eddie Erdelatz' eight-year regime at the academy. What happened at Chestnut Hill before 28,000 local partisans and ex-King Leopold of Belgium went a long way toward confirming these predictions.

QUARTERBACK FORNESTRAL ON A KEEPER



Big Apple. The Air Force Academy team, dotted by shiny blue-and-silver uniforms Friday night, and traveled into the New York City area. Then they ran down a UCLA player, but their premature big-time debut ended in defeat, 47-8.



Major Casualty. John Crow, the big Texas A&M halfback, has been placed on a clinic for All-America. But in the Aggies' first game his left knee was badly twisted by the Maryland tackle shown above. Although the Aggies won 22-13, they may have lost Crow.



Fresh Talent. Halfback Joe Delany (22) was symbolic of the new prosperity at Georgia Tech. Far from being killed as predicted, Coach Bobby Dodd came up with a talented group of youngsters, best proof of his Kentucky Derby parlay for football bowl.

Back from the depths

Three gray flannel suits, bunker's gray, squeezed into the noisy, pubescent, half-naked throng in the Houston dressing room underneath Rice Stadium. Spotting the object of their search, they threaded their way delicately through the musky sweat of the locker room until they stood before Hal Lahar, the Houston coach. Grinning, they greeted him with outstretched hands. "We just want to meet you and say hello," said one, for they were a three-man committee from the Sugar Bowl, sifting up prospects for New Year's Day.

As far as Lahar was concerned, it was much too early for such overtures, and the gray flannelled committee simply added to the already highly charged confusion as 42 husky Houston players shouted, laughed and sang to celebrate their 7-0 victory over Miami. Lahar mumbled a few polite words to the committee, then wandered off across the locker room, a Coca-Cola and cigarette dangling from one hand.

"It was just a situation of 45 boys who really wanted to win a game," said Lahar. "We got our share of the breaks and we made a lot of mistakes. The kids burned themselves out by the third quarter, but they just had enough determination that they went on anyway. They hung in there and took it."

Mike Michien, co-captain of the Cougars, echoed his coach: "There was no first string out there. It was just one big squad headed for a win."

Thirty feet across a ramp the subdued University of Miami players sat quietly stunned, finding it hard to absorb the reality of defeat. They were sitting thus when their coach, Andy Gustafson, rode into the room on a wave of sound.

"All right, over to the corner, over here. Come on, stand tall. I don't want any hang-dog looks around here," he roared. The squad broke toward the sound.

"Now stand tall and be proud. You had a tough night out there, but I'm proud of you. Now, we're going back home and build up that second team. You Charlie, you Gary, you Bill, you all did good out there. Now, who do we play next?" he asked.

"Baylor," they roared, and the 35 lecher Hurricanes were suddenly their old scrappy selves again.

—WILLARD C. RAPPLEYE



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McKEIVER (46) STANDS A HEAD-SHORTER THAN OTHER WILDCAT BACKS—WILLER FOWLER (37), ED QUINN (41), CHIP HOLCOMB (24)

PREVIEW

A MIDGET RAIDS THE WEST

Bob McKeiver, who is 5 feet and 4 inches of quicksilver, will be Northwestern's big man when the Wildcats attack Stanford on TV

by **TEX MAULE**

WHEN Northwestern's tiny No. 16 skitters across the television screens of some 30 million viewers Saturday afternoon, they will see the most exciting runner in football today, pro or college. The spectators may wonder if Northwestern has been reduced to raiding Singer's midgets tent for talent, in desperate reply to the new Big Ten recruiting rules. But Bob McKeiver, who stands 5 feet 4 1/2 inches and weighs 158 pounds, runs with all the reckless abandon and dancing water-bug elusiveness of a Buddy Young, although not with quite Buddy's speed. "He's not a little man," says Northwestern Coach Ara Parseghian. "He's a big man who happens to be short."

Scripted, McKeiver beats out Parseghian's description. He has thick, flat slabs of muscle on chest and shoulders

and his arms are round and bulgy with more muscle. His legs are extraordinarily powerful, with the swelling, square calf muscles of a driving runner.

But it is not his strength which makes McKeiver so spectacular. He has, in the ultimate degree, the ability to stop and start and change direction in a step without loss of speed or balance. Time and again last season, the hefty reile scurried about among Northwestern foes like a rabbit in a pack of great Dane puppies, tursing back on his trail and giving ground and slipping out of impossible traps to finally come up with a long gain.

This is his senior year with the Wildcats. He was a bright, particular star at Evanston High School, a couple of long

continued

A MIDGET RAIDS THE WEST

continued

pants from the Northwestern campus, and never considered going anywhere else. As a sophomore, he had both ankles fractured and played only briefly. He spent two years in service after that, and when he returned to Northwestern, Parsagian was just beginning a rebuilding program which brought the Wildcats a long way back toward Big Ten respectability in one season.

"We didn't know too much about McKeiver," Parsagian says now. "We knew about the injuries and we knew he had been a much-publicized high school player. We put him down at the bottom—on the third or fourth string—and let him prove himself. He did that very quickly. One of his great assets is that he can do everything well—punt, kick off, kick field goals and extra points, catch passes and block fairly well. His size helps him as a runner, actually. He's a small target for a tackler and he has the sense of 'now turn, now go' that all great runners have and only the good Lord gives you."

McKeiver is quiet and serious and with none of the aggressiveness some small men carry to counteract their size. His face in repose is solemn and he smiles seldom. He worries because football takes up so much of his time that he has little chance to read, and he tries to make up for this by thumbing through these dictionaries he keeps in his room. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons he drives around alone in his car (a battered 1952 Chrysler) and listens to symphonies on the car radio. He played basketball and competed in track in high school (9.9 100-yard dash), and between seasons he likes to fool around in the gym with a pickup basketball team. He was a great high school player but he has not tried to play for Northwestern. He has no hobbies outside of sports; a member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity, he goes to fraternity dances and likes dancing, but he is very serious about a career in public relations and studies conscientiously. He is majoring in speech and has had a C plus average so far; he hopes to work for a big corporation in its public relations department eventually, but as of now this is a rather vague ambition, not directed at any specific company or field. He has been drafted by the Cleveland Browns and he intends to give pro football a try next season.

"My size doesn't bother me any," he said. "I don't find it any handicap, even on pass defense. [Parsagian maintains McKeiver's tremendous ability to jump makes him the equivalent of a 3-foot-10 defense halfback.] The only time I notice it is when I have to tackle a big guy head on and give away 60 or 70 pounds. Usually I try to pin those guys on the sideline and use a block instead of a tackle on 'em. Maybe I can make it in the pros just on my kicking, anyway. I'll give it a try."

LONG DAY FOR WILDCATS

McKeiver, in common with the rest of the small Northwestern squad, has a deep respect and affection for Parsagian. "He works us real hard," he said. "We're up at 6:30 and we've been working mornings and afternoons and having meetings at night. But he knows what he is doing."

Parsagian, a young, handsome and personable coach who came to Northwestern last year after five winning seasons at Miami of Ohio (won 39, lost 6, tied 1), had first to overcome a defeatist complex as the Northwestern squad which had been engendered by two seasons without a Big Ten conference win.

"We had to convince these kids that they could win in

the Big Ten," he said. "We did that by believing in it ourselves. We raised the recruiting procedure last year and we should be built up to a reasonable depth in another year or two. The alumni used to recommend kids for scholarship and the boy would be brought in without much more investigation. Now we try to see two or three movies of every player before we decide on him. We can't afford big squads like the state schools. Our tuition runs about twice as much as the tuition of the state schools which make up the rest of the Big Ten, so our squad costs twice as much to assemble. Right now we have trouble scrimmaging because we don't have a big enough squad. Every time a guy drops out there is attrition, your heart stops because you know it's a boy you need."

Despite the small squad, Parsagian has another strong team. He has an intelligent, varied offense, much of it designed to give McKeiver the small running room he needs to maneuver in.

The Stanford-Northwestern game has been chosen by NBC as a TV game of the week because the West Coast time difference allows the game to go on the air after the baseball games are over. Again this season, Lindsey Nelson and Red Grange will handle the play-by-play and color, and NBC estimates over 176 stations will carry the nationwide broadcast, with about 30 million viewers.

LONG RUNS FOR VIEWERS

While neither Stanford nor Northwestern is ranked among the nation's top football powers, Saturday's game could well be one of the most interesting of the year for the spectators. Northwestern has another bristling fast breakaway back in Wilmer Fowler and fine sophomore passers in Quarterbacks John Talley and Chip Holcomb, son of Athletic Director Sta Holcomb. Both McKeiver and Fowler are good receivers and Fred Williamson, a 6-foot-2, 195-pound sophomore end, is a great receiver. Coach Chuck Taylor, of Stanford, who is an old pro from the San Francisco 49ers, has, as usual, a great passer of his own in Jack Douglas. Douglas inherits the quarterback post from a long line of fine throwers (John Brodie, Bobby Garrett, Gary Kerkorian) and upholds the tradition very well. He will have a strong, experienced line in front of him with two capable receivers at end in Gary Van Gilder and Joe Preis and one of the hottest running backs on the Coast to call on for ground action in Lou Vali. Stanford operates a pre-type T, with spread ends and flanked halfbacks, and consistently ranks among the nation's most effective passing teams. Taylor thinks his team can score heavily on any opponent and figures to get three touchdowns against Northwestern. The Stanford pass defense, porous last year, has not looked much better this year, and Northwestern's soph quarterbacks, throwing to the quick, fast receivers on the Wildcat team, might hurt the Indians very much. The Wildcat secondary defense is manned by experienced players nearly everywhere except at one safety post and one linebacking post. So, correlating the teams' strengths and weaknesses, it seems likely that Northwestern may have the better of the passing, an even break on running with a stronger breakaway threat from McKeiver. The Stanford line is deeper and may wear the Wildcats down in the late stages of the game. Parsagian's strategy is simple enough on defense: "Stop their strong points and force them into things they do poorly." Taylor's is simpler: "Score more." The game could easily be a wide-open, free-scoring affair; Northwestern has one small edge on defense in that Parsagian sensed Stanford's 46-7 victory over San Jose State last Saturday. But it is unlikely that Taylor revealed much.

PITCHOUT TO McKEIVER



THIS QUICK PITCHOUT uses McKelver's unusual ability to navigate a broken field. It may be the only play in football in which there is a gap into back on the line by the offensive left end. The right half (41) and fullback (37) fake wide to the right, the

quarterback (33) goes and passes quickly to McKelver (46) wide to the left. The Red Wolves use outkick field to pick off Stanford defenders and create a broken-up defensive pattern as McKelver weaves back and forth through the running confusion.



NORTHWESTERN MOVES WITH RABBIT SPEED

Fullbacks Bob McKelver and Willmer Fowler give Northwestern tremendous speed to the outside, and both are good receivers. Clearing the road blocks are a pair of the finest blockers in the Big Ten: 200-pound guard Al Viola, 6'8", all-Big Ten last year, and Andy Cvercko, a 218-pound junior tackle who moves with speed, blazes with vicious abandon and never ceases. It adds up to brilliant running when complemented by a strong air attack.



BOB McKEIVER, 46



WILLMER FOWLER, 61



AL VIOLA, 68



ANDY CVERCKO, 78

STANFORD PREFERS TO USE THE AIR

Quarterback Jack Douglas throws nearly as well as the Indians' Jack Douglas did last year, and runs better. Lou Valli, 6'6", a 226-pound senior nose blocker regarded by men who know running backs as the best on the West Coast. A prime target for Douglas' throwing is one of the truly great ends in the country, both offensively and defensively—Gary Van Gilder, 6'6", 305, in a strong Stanford line is 232-pound Tackle Troy Barbee, who blocks and tackles well.



LOU VALLI, 34



G. VAN GILDER, 86



TROY BARBEE, 71



JACK DOUGLAS, 19

AMATEUR HEROES

Billy Joe Patton, Reid Jack, Hillman Robbins, Bud Taylor were just of the many who emerged in the Walker Cup and the National Amateur

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

AMATEUR GOLF, which is a sometime thing as far as the interest it generates in this country is concerned, invariably perks up every four years when the Walker Cup match is played on American soil and the atmosphere is invigorated with an international flavor. This past summer, starting with the Walker Cup match at Minikahda (in Minneapolis) the last week in August and continuing after a week's hiatus with the National Amateur at The Country Club (a little bit south of Beacon Street), amateur golf not only perked up, it came surging to life as it seldom has in this country during the last two decades. There were four seasons in the main for this contagious vitality, and let us enter them in the record without further ado.

1. The Minikahda Club. It was the aim of the General Chairman, Totton Hefelfinger, and his aides to stage the Walker Cup meeting with all the care, spirit and implicit importance the match receives when it is played in England, where it is regarded as nothing less than the premier event on the golf calendar. Hefelfinger and Co. succeeded, handsomely. This was far and away the finest cup match ever put on in the United States.

2. The British team. They were the best-trained, most deeply determined and the most team-conscious team to come to this country since the series started 35 years ago. The final score, 8-3, gives no true indication of the closeness of the match. At 3:30 in the afternoon of the second and final day, the day of the eight 36-hole singles matches, the British were ahead in these matches and forging forward in two others, and for the first time ever in America they were in a position where they could actually win. That they didn't was due, among other factors, to one which the British themselves

did not mention: on that final Saturday, following a Friday of incessant rain and five previous days of coolish, misty weather, the sun burned down with all its best, and this surely was enervating for golfers unaccustomed to such heavy heat. The most revealing indication of the quality of this British team came, perhaps, on the first day of play. At three in the afternoon they were down in all four foursomes and falling farther behind. A rout seemed to be on. Not at all. Digging in hard, they tightened up all four matches, won one of them, halved another (which they were unlikely not to win), and so went into the second day trailing not 4-0 but only 2-1.

3. The American team. Every member of the team played well, very well, and in the final analysis they won the match by responding to the pressure with tremendous performances. Quite a few of the American players—Mason Rudolph, for one—graduated in the crucible of the competition into even better golfers than they had been before, and they will be that much better henceforth. Bill Campbell, long incapable of producing his top stuff when he needed it most, did just that, peeling off three birds in five holes at a critical juncture in his battle with Joe Carr and turning the match inside out. The members of the American team went on from this fine performance at Minikahda to shape the Amateur, in its closing stages, into their private tournament. All four semifinals, Hillman Robbins, Rudolph, Bud Taylor and Rex Baxter, were Walker Cuppees, thus making the men who had selected the American team look like magnificently gifted beings who should be hustled down to Washington immediately and put to work on bigger things.

4. The Country Club. The amateur has been held on several excellent

courses since the war, but it is really doubtful if any of them are as ideal for match play as the honored old holes of The Country Club which, with their rugged fairways and their amazing variety of perched, canted and contoured greens, demand shotmaking that is both full-blooded and tidy every step of the way. (If there was any upsetting feature to the week at The Country Club, it was that the corps of British golf writers, whose spectacular conversation in accents mellow and particular usually renders their presence instantly spotiable, were frequently mistaken for Country Club members who were simply in from Dedham for the afternoon.)

IF any one person won the Walker Cup for the United States—and here I quote the words spoken at the presentation ceremonies by the British captain, Gerald Mickles—"It was that old scoundrel, Billy Joe Patton." Placed in the number one singles spot, Patton drew as his opponent Reid Jack, a 32-year-old stockbroker from Glasgow who won this year's British Amateur and who must be included in any current listing of the world's top four amateurs. A slim, wiry fellow of average height whose hair, like so many Scots, is the color of marmalade, Jack is one of that vanishing breed, the cultivated swinger who matches talent and the competitive turn of nature to keep swinging unburiedly and well, no matter the strain of the situation.

The Patton-Jack match turned out to be a classic of its kind. Since Billy Joe eventually won it, it must be told in terms of how he accomplished it, but it should be mentioned right here that he did so against a stouthearted opponent who stood firm all the way in the face of a succession of the most spirit-shattering shots imaginable. By

winning, Patton not only placed in the American column an important point which the British felt fairly sure of at lunch, but the news of his comeback, filtering across the fairways to his seven teammates playing behind him, must have given them a tremendous boost which helped them immeasurably throughout that torrid and fraying afternoon. And, to say it the other way, there is no knowing the effect the news of Jack's gradual loss of his lead had on his hard-pressed teammates. This, of course, is what the British captain had in mind in saluting "the old second" as the man who probably had made the difference.

At lunch the old second from Morgan was a very bedraggled young man. He was five downs. Jack had played beautifully. While Patton had not played badly at all, he had left himself a number of four- and five-

fosters and had blown just about all of them. In the afternoon, though, Billy Joe got off on a very right foot by holing an eight-footer for a birdie to win the 18th. He won the 20th and then the 21st when Jack, trying to do something then and there to halt Billy Joe's rush, tapped two six-footers so firmly that the ball was by the cup before it had taken all of the break on the fast greens. Halves on the next two holes. On the 24th, a stiff one-shooter where the player must carry a wind-blown 180 yards over a pond if he chooses to go for the pin, Patton whacked a five-iron 12 feet past the hole and sank the putt. He was only 1 down now and had obviously played himself into one of those moods (as at the 1954 Masters) where he honestly felt capable of pulling off any shot in the book.

He had a chance to play one on the seventh or 25th. This hole, 432 yards

long and shut in by tall trees, doglegs to the right some 200 yards out from the tee. Trying to play a left-to-right drive to reclaim to the swing of the fairway, Billy Joe cut the shot a shade too much and the ball plummeted down about two yards off the fairway in a very healthy bed of rough. His line to the green, 180 yards away, was stymied by the trunk of a large tree some six feet in front of him and by another tree some 20 feet away. The staggered opening between the trees was a scant two feet, at the widest point. Reid Jack was away, and while Billy Joe surveyed his predicament, Jack played his second, a superb five-iron that finished hole-high about 15 feet to the right. After that shot, there was no alternative for Patton but to try to thread the needle.

"Billy Joe," John Ames, the referee (and the perfect straight man), called over, "is the gallery where you want them?"

"They're just fern where they are," Patton answered with a smile. "Now you folks," he added with all the poise of Sir Laurence Olivier as he turned his attention to the spectators jammed in the rough in a long line parallel to the intended flight of his ball, "you just stand where you are. Everything's under control. Have confidence in me."

Hoisting his four-iron to keep the ball under the overhanging limbs, Patton eyed his narrow opening, quieted himself over the ball, swept the club back with golf's fastest backswing . . . and almost before you realized that the ball had been struck, it had shot the gap cleanly and was burning on a low line right for the green. It bounded onto the green but had just a little too much legs and rolled on over to end up a yard or so in the rough behind the green.

How that Patton wears you out! First he all but canceled out his remarkable recovery by fluffing his chip barely onto the green. Then he holed the 26-footer he had left himself. When Reid Jack missed his try for his bird, Patton had scrambled a turbulent half and was once more in a position to force his counterattack.

Here are just a few of the routines which golf's most talented (and practiced) escape artist came up with from that point on:

On the 27th, 510 yards, most of them uphill, he reached the green with two great woods. His birdie squared the match. (He was out in 32.)

On the 30th, a medium-length par 4, Jack hit a fine drive, another wonderful iron about eight feet from the hole, just missed his putt. Patton pushed his drive into the

continued



PATTONTED RECOVERY

The most sensational recovery artist since the palsy (not to mention oakly, elmy, and piney) days of Walter Hagen, Billy Joe Patton produced one of his most amazing shots ever in his Walker Cup duel with Reid Jack. On the 432-yard 7th at Minkahda, with only the narrowest of openings between two trees, Billy Joe threaded the needle.





IN HOLE: TO ALIBI IN AMATEUR FINAL HERMAN ROBBINS, HAVING ASCENDED HOLE, IS, MEANS, TO PLACE HIS BAGGAGE.

THE AMATEURS

continued

tree, manufactured a recessed into the rough in the vicinity of the green, clipped to cut root and sank the putt. On the card: two-4. Match still square.

A deeper draught of the same bitter mixture for Jack on the 11th. The Scot seemed in a position to go out in front again on the 100-yard par 5 when two good woods placed him about 10 yards short of the green. Billy Joe, having crisscrossed the fairway twice with a pulled tee-shot and a failed 3/4 prodigious iron, was playing there from a slippery downhill lie in the wooded rough 40 yards to the right of the pin. It was Jack who needed three to get down and Patton only two, for Billy Joe played a lovely running pitch that took 11/2 ft. of the green perfect 3/4 and died 18 inches from the stick. Patton, 1 up, ahead for the first time.

On the 15th, still holding a one-hole

lead after losing the 12nd and taking the 13rd, Billy Joe again heeled his drive deep into the rough. The task confronting him was to slash his ball out in such a way that it would start off low enough to stay under the branches of the trees surrounding him and still get up quickly enough to clear the tops of the tall trees which, from his novel avenue of approach, blocked the way to the green; green on this 180-yard 1. Well, that's just what the man did, except that he not only hit the green, he dropped the ball 10 feet from the hole. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Jack had played a fine first-iron from the center of the fairway to within nine feet of the hole. There is such a thing as justice in this world and here, I think it was done. Patton's try for his birdie trickled an inch or so below the pin, and Jack holed his, his ball kissing off Patton's which he left for just such a contingency and calling in. Match square again.

And there was no doubt that justice was done on the 16th where the match was decided. As usual a bit shorter and considerably straighter than Patton, Jack elected to play a nine-iron for his second on this drive-and-pitch 4 where the large green sits about five feet above a long trap that guards it the full width of its front entrance. The pin was set up front above to the far beyond a trap. Knowing he had to be up above everything else, Jack hit too full a shot; it skidded well past the pin, about 35 feet past. Patton's shot was. Standing in the edge of the rough about 100 yards out, he punched a low wedge that came down softly on the front porch of the green and stopped 12 feet to the left of the cup. Billy Joe did not make that putt but it was the match anyway, for Jack rimmed the cup from eight feet on his all-important second putt. On the 155-yard 16th, Billy Joe had his put all the way, and Jack could do no better. Patton, 1 up.



RETURNS TO HOLE TO PLAY THE SHOT

Patton and Jack took made their exits rather early in the Amateur. Patton became the second round after he had spent more time in the woods than Truman. Jack, moving the ball back to the up against another hot opponent who was out in 32. By Thursday afternoon when the voluminous field had pared itself down to the eight quarter-finalists, so much had happened so rapidly that the many intimate personal experiences of each of these disappeared in some anonymous history. Then is the way it always is in the Amateur. The round or eight, though, will be long remembered. I think, for in the repeated old and cultured golf lingo it was the first quarter finals the National Amateur has ever produced, both in the uniformly high caliber of the golfers who reached it and the first thought they shot at each other in all four matches—Bud Taylor vs. Gene Andrews, Mason Rudolph vs. Dave Yost, Billings Robbings vs. Dick Chap-

man, and Rex Baxter vs. Phil Rodgers.

The Country Club course is so laid out that with a little bit of luck and a little bit of footwork, a spectator can watch the action taking place on the four interesting holes: the 120-yard 14th; the 170-yard 16th; the 109-yard 17th, which doglegs to the left; and the famous old 18th, 140 yards to the plateaued green, beyond, the 10th, 9th. As you glanced back and forth on the afternoon of the quarter, trying to keep an eye on all four matches, putts were toppling into the cups from all over the grounds and had largely digested one phenomenal stroke when you were pulled by another. In the first match Andrews held a good-size putt on the 16th to keep his only one down to Taylor, but the latter scraped things up by rolling in one from 17 feet for a 1-on-the-18th. Down the 18th a few minutes later came Rudolph and Yost, Rudolph 1 up and in a seemingly invaluable position when he came in two with Yost snaggled in the rough behind the club on the right. But Yost dropped a 20-footer for his 4, and when Rudolph took three putts—extra holes on the 18th, Rudolph came up to that previous generosity by holing from seven feet for a winning birdie. In the third match, with Robbings 1 up and three to play, came today's Reddies banged in a beautiful putt for his bird on the 16th and closed Chapman out by striking his approach on the next hole four feet past the hole. And then came Baxter and Rodgers to top off this whole incredible sequence. On the 17th, Rodgers, 1 down, rolled in one that must have been all 60 feet, downhill. Baxter took a deep breath and holed his 17-footer to have the hole in 30. On the home green, young Rodgers had to get a 20-footer for a birdie to keep the match alive—and did so. Rodgers' scrambling run on the first extra hole, with a flower, on the 24th, his faster stool between Baxter and himself, and he put it in. On the 25th, just when it seemed that this night would be indefinitely, Rodgers' diabolical combination to credit his second into the rough and needed three to get down, even as you and I.

A brief word about the two finalists, Bud Taylor, the runner-up, and Billman Robbings, the new champion. Dr. Taylor, the Pennsylvanian, is both a person and a golfer, one of the pleasantest and most charming golfing scene has had in years, and it is to be hoped that in the summer to come the young Pennsylvanian will be confident enough to have their teeth fixed in August.

(continued)

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THE AMATEURS

continued

so that the good doctor will be in a position to take-off for the Amateur in perfect conscience. Robbins, the young Tennessean, is a modest, soft-spoken fellow, so shy and so angular that, when he lopez down the fairway, he gives you the impression he is a country lad cutting across the course on his way to the hills to hunt some squirrel. Two short weeks before his victory in the Amateur, Hillman was a most disconsolate young man, feeling way down in the mouth after losing his singles in the Walker Cup. He played with great determination at The Country Club, and whenever he had to make a long shot, he invariably came through with a wonderful shot. He is a most deserving champion.

As a final word about the British who were the yeast of this three weeks' leavening of fanciful golf, it is a pity that the hard economies of the situation are such that the Walker Cup cannot be scheduled as an annual event, for that would assure our having the match over here (plus an international field in the Amateur) every two years instead of every four. The British brought some solid players this time—the next cup match, at Muirfield in 1959, will be a real struggle—and as usual they brought their keen appreciation of friendly competition and their ready humor. A hundred pleasant episodes come to mind, among them a singularly British interchange that took place at the Walker Cup flag-raising ceremony. As you know, it is an ancient and imperishable custom among the British to fasten weird nicknames on their friends when they are caddy together at school, and no matter if the friend later rises to a cabinet post or an army command, those many years later he is still "Wink Eye" or "Muffin" or whatever it was to the old crowd. At Minikahda, in a truly impressive ceremony complete with military band and color guard, the flags of the two nations were raised, the two teams introduced, and the chairman of the Championship Committee of the Royal & Ancient, a handsome, silver-haired gentleman, was then asked to say a few words, which he did impeccably. As the silver-haired man sat down to a round of applause, two Britishers in the crowd beamed proudly at each other. "Never heard the old Bog Flat speak better," said one of them. "Absolutely," agreed his companion, "top form." **ENR**

TIP FROM THE TOP

From MADEIRA, ALBERT HADGE

Delray Beach, Fla.



ESPECIALLY FOR INCONSISTENT PUTTERS

Over the years I have spent a lot of time working on my putting and, as a result, I have some definite ideas on the subject based on what works best for me.

I use the same grip as for the other shots. I advocate a very wide stance. It sets up a firmer foundation. With a narrow stance, there's a tendency to sway off the ball.

The less you break your wrists, the less margin there is for error. I try to hit the putt rather than stroke it. I play the ball just slightly forward of center—an inch or two forward.

As the illustrations below show, I stand with my left elbow rolled out and ridged, very high. My right elbow is kept close in to my right side; in that position it helpfully restricts me from taking the gutter back too far. I start my stroke by pushing the left elbow back. This key movement of the elbow I can best describe by saying that the elbow moves the way it would if some imaginary hand were pushing it back.

I use this method because I feel that I can take the elbow (and the putter head) back on a very straight line from the ball. On the forward part of the putting stroke, I try to return the putter head to the same position it had at address.



the left elbow moves back as if some imaginary hand were pushing it.

G. Farnell

NEXT WEEK: RICK LICE ON SIMPLIFYING THE TEAP SHOT

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Johnny's Gamble

Driver Simpson took a big chance with the ailing Torpid when

by JEREMIAH TAX

the stake was a harness racing classic: the Little Brown Jug

IN A CORNER of the large clubhouse one evening last week, a chubby little old man sat on a high stool in the slot of a semicircular table and took on all comers at blackjack. His short, fat fingers caressed the cards with the quiet affection of long familiarity; he also never lost, which is probably why he follows the harness racing circuit. In other corners there were table-stakes stud and rummy and take-your-pick. The clink of silver dollars made it all seem like Las Vegas instead of Delaware, Ohio.

But you knew it was Delaware, traditional home of the Little Brown Jug pacing classic, when the auctioneer finally called the crowded room to order and began selling pools on this year's \$73,828 Jug, to be raced the next afternoon. The card games were forgotten.

A home-race auction pool is pretty much like a golf Calcutta: the highest bidder "buys" each horse and gets all the money in the pool if he wins, less the auctioneer's 10% commission. This auctioneer quickly discovered he would have to work hard for his 10%. Nobody would bid on a single horse other than a bay colt named Torpid. The only pool tickets he could sell were on the whole rest of the field of 15 horses and on Torpid himself. As fast as he found someone brave enough to bet on the field, there was Torpid money to cover it. He made up 17 pools and quit.

The reason for all this was simple. In two years of racing, Torpid had gone to the post 37 times and won 34 times. He had set all manner of speed records and never been extended. But what few people knew was that the animal laboring through sleep in his stall at the Jug track that night was hardly the real Torpid. He was laboring under the effects of a cold that filled his head with phlegm and his throat was raw. He was sore and tight all over, both from the cold and from the wet night just a week ago at Hazel Park in Detroit when, in calf-deep mud and water, he had lost one of his few races—to Adion

Express. It's been a long time since the astute Johnny Simpson, Torpid's trainer and driver, had to say of one of his horses what he said that night: "I honestly don't know what to expect. He's a strong horse and he could be all right tomorrow. But he could also be as dull as dishwater. If he were right, I'd go my race in two minutes flat and leave the rest of the field dizzy." The



TWO CHAMPIONS: TORPID AND SIMPSON

field against Torpid was a darn good bet that evening. A bet on Joe O'Brien's Adion Express or Del Miller's Meadow Lands was reasonable.

But early the next morning Torpid's cold broke. In a few hours his head had drained, and he was breathing pretty easily. The only question now was: How weak had the cold left him? No one could answer it, not even Simpson.

Horses don't talk, but Torpid did answer the question when Johnny took him out in the first heat of the Little Brown Jug before 39,000 people. Simpson rushed to the top as he always does with Torpid and won going away after appearing to hang for an instant at the top of the stretch. The time: 2:50 4/5, a brilliant mile even for Delaware's speedy track.

After the showdown was set, when Miller and Meadow Lands won their heat, a near cloudburst turned the track to melasma. The top five finishers in the first two heats were to come back for the payoff mile—and they had to wait two hours for the track to be scraped and sanded into respectability. During that time, Simpson played the percentages by replacing Torpid's front shoes and using "frost" nails that stuck out about a quarter of an inch, for better traction. Joe O'Brien was the only other driver to do this. Simpson kept on playing percentage when he came out to warm up before the race, studying every inch of the track carefully, marking in his mind where the footing was good, where it was still doubtful. Then he crossed up everybody at the track by driving a different kind of race from any he had ever gone with Torpid. He held back, in fourth and fifth place, for a full three-quarters of a mile. As he explained it later: "I figured I had two horses to beat—Adion Express and Meadow Lands. So long as they stayed behind me I was O.K. Those horses up front could fight it out until they got tired." Picking the precise moment when they *did* tire—the three-quarter pole—he went four wide over the solid footing he had noted earlier. Torpid took off like an ICBM and the race was over. He won by two lengths. It will be another year, at least, before even Simpson knows just how fast Torpid can pace. When he meets the top class Free-For-All pacers in 1988, he will likely have to go all out to win. Then we will all know.

Simpson became the first man ever to win the Jug two years in a row, and only the second to win the Jug and the Hambletonian in the same year (81, Sept. 9). The next morning he flew to New York for another day's routine work at Roosevelt Raceway.

Back in Delaware, the chubby little old gambler was packing his bags for the next stop on the circuit: Lexington, Kentucky.

(Continued)



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SPORTING LOOK

NEW TWEEDS *from old* IRELAND

THE ANGRIEST GENTLEMEN at left, bowler-hatted and stern, are pursuing their favorite occupation: the judging of some of the world's best horses at the annual, elegant Dublin Horse Show. But while they, like the less formal spectators behind them, may be concentrating on horses, they see beyond the horses the wonderful show of Ireland's other great pride—its women, dressed in their best for Ladies' Day at the Royal Dublin Society grounds in Ballsbridge. By no coincidence, tweed is predominant in their costumes, for tweed is indigenous to Ireland. The horseman is recognized by his harking jacket of Donegal tweed, hand-woven in a thatch-roofed cottage. The Aran fisherman is known by the soft, white, undyed wool *keltsie* (pronounced haw-reen) he wears. Here at Dublin tweeds are seen in a new form, for Irish dressmakers, now gaining fame as the Irish revival, have refined their native fabrics in clothes which are following Irish houses to the great sports centers of the world.

JUDGES Hutton, Sutton and Major F. Thacker, near Irish tweed harking jacket, whom are the masters of that subtle position as judges of Ireland's best horses. Below, again, "fancie" judges, though unofficial, also cast a judicious eye at proceedings.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JERRY TONK





ARAN KNIT of hula, in a fisherman's pattern typical of those used by the Aran Islanders to identify individual families, is made into a coat and kned with the same hula. Designed this time worn by Dublin's Mrs. Patrick Mitchell.

NEW STYLE Jar dress of Irish tweed, woven in bands of apricot, pink and mauve, is worn straight and belted by Mrs. Catherine Peterson of London and Dublin, who is an advisor on fashions to the Irish Export Promotion Board.



WHITE TWEED is worn by Mrs. H. S. Tiedel Rapp, Milwaukee, who has won many prizes for her designs. It is made of hula. Designed this time worn by Mrs. Tiedel Rapp.



ARAN ISLE *provides* BAININ

TWEED SUIT worn by Hannah Johansen of Dublin uses *bainin* tweed, knitted *bainin* cuffs and waistband. Designed by Irene Gilbert, this suit reflects world fashion, is loved by Irish women and exported to the U.S.



COMBINATION of natural and plaid-dyed *bainin* tweed, by Dublin's Irene Gilbert, has Irish crochets at neckline of the dress and matching crocheted hat. Winnie Butler chats with Irish bagpipers, Patrick Wail and Patrick Farrell.

DRESSMAKER bulins suit is worn by Mrs. M. Kingette as she stands beside judging paddock with Colonel G. T. Harrell, dressed in judges' favored harking jacket and bowler hat. Colonel Harrell also referred judging of hunters.



CARDIGAN sweater of natural bulins is worn with a bulins mood shirt by Mrs. Catherine Poore as the jumping exercise. Hand knit harkens sweaters, traditionally bulky and shapeless, now are considered by experts to be the U.S.

Three Days on a Horse

The Wofford Cup is still in Wofford hands, but the big news from Colorado was a tiny Californian named Patricia Galvin.

by ALICE HIGGINS

IT TAKES a special sort of courage on the part of horse and rider to start and finish a three-day trial. This difficult and dangerous event, which could be called the decathlon of the equestrian world, was the traditional test of a cavalry officer's horse, and it is no less rigorous in its civilian version. The course laid out this month for the Wofford Cup Three-Day Event at Colorado Springs' Broadmoor Hotel was tough enough, and among the 20-odd riders assembled there an 18-year-old California girl named Patricia Galvin, who looks about as rugged as a Dresden doll, might understandably have been considered among those least likely to succeed. For one thing, she had to pack 40 pounds of lead just to bring her weight in line with the rest of the field.

"Trish" Galvin faced considerable competition. Two former Olympic riders, two professional horsemen, seven other women and assorted gentlemen of varying experience made up the record number of entrants. The two Olympians, Bill Haggard and Jeb Wofford, son of the late reared who organized the first national open event in the U.S., were the most experienced and the natural picks to win. And there was a psychological competitor for Trish as well—no woman had ever even completed the Wofford Cup test, a fact which was emphasized when the men got together to purchase a handsome \$40 trophy for the girl who either finished or came closest to doing so.

Beyond this, no favors were asked or given. The course, designed by General Tupper Cole, manager of the U.S. Equestrian Team, was the longest and biggest ever faced by Trish and the other novices, and it was seen only once during a walk-around inspection the day before the trials.

The first day's test—the dressage—began with leaden skies and intermittent rains. It came as no great surprise

when Jeb Wofford, who has won all the Wofford Cups but one, earned the low score of the day with his second horse, Cassivelaunus. But nipping at his heels in the field of 24 horses was Trish Galvin, a scant six points behind on her gray Irish mare, Brac Na Ri. This was a double achievement, since Trish, the owner of some experienced three-day horses, had left them at home and elected to compete on a mare she had trained herself. Wofford's



PATRICIA GALVIN WON A SPECIAL TROPHY

trainer, Jonas Irlinskas, on Tingling, another Irish import, was third. That evening some of the boys admitted that Trish had them scared.

She still had them scared on the second day, which thinned the ranks considerably as the rugged five-phase endurance course took its toll. Most of the spectators gathered by the splash obstacle as word filtered through how competitors were doing on other phases of the trial—two girls had been eliminated on the steeplechase for going off course, but Trish Galvin had made it and even earned maximum bonus points. Across the hill one horse was seen to be pulled up lame. Another

refused three times at the splash and was disqualified. Still another horse, Galway Bay, owned by the Galvins, plunged into the splash, boldly continued up the hill but was then seen to slow down. By degrees he moved to a walk and was eliminated. That night in the barn he died of a ruptured diaphragm.

By evening, riders, trainers and parents were grouped in a corner of the Broadmoor terrace, waiting expectantly until sundown for the results. Jeb Wofford and Cassivelaunus still held the lead, Jonas Irlinskas had edged Tingling into second place and Bill Haggard had pushed his green horse, Northman II, into third. But the news that brought cheers was: Trish Galvin was fourth, with a possibility of closing the point gap to win on the third day.

The jumping course, the last day's test, was posted two hours before the event. For some this last effort was the one test too many. Jonas Irlinskas piloted his other horse, Passach, over the 14 obstacles with only two knock-downs and then failed to pass between the finish flags—an automatic disqualification. For Passach, three days' effort was canceled at the last possible place where a mistake could be made. Mrs. Corwith Hamill and her 15-year-old daughter Nancy, the only women besides Trish Galvin still left in the competition, also met disqualification when their horses refused to jump.

Trish, the last girl left, was also the last to ride. Carefully she started Brac Na Ri around the course. At the third obstacle, two rails enclosing a ditch, the mare refused. Trish circled and tried again, losing valuable time. This time the mare jumped and continued neatly until the eighth, a tricky in-and-out, where she refused again. One more disobedience of any kind meant disqualification. But the third mistake was not made. The mare skinned over the remaining six obstacles and Trish Galvin, in fourth place, was the first woman to have finished a Wofford Cup Event.

As for the Wofford Cup itself, it went to Tingling and Jonas Irlinskas, who finished the jumps with a low 21½ in penalties. Jeb Wofford, who with Cassivelaunus dropped to second place on that last day (Bill Haggard on Northman II was third), was just evenly disappointed. "It's a Wofford horse," he explained, "so that trophy will still be in the same old place on the mantel." But that \$40 cup which the boys had donated was, as far as Trish was concerned, the most beautiful trophy there. (C.R.R.)



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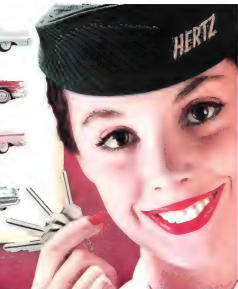
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Sporting Heritage

Photographed by Richard Meek

Of all the magnificent farming estates still operating in America few can match, for sheer beauty, the 4,800-odd acres of farm lands owned by the descendants of Dr. William Seward Webb along the eastern shore of Lake Champlain at Shelburne, Vermont, south of Burlington. Webbs for generations have been noted sportsmen, and none have been more active—or more successful—than the present senior members of the family, Mr. and Mrs. J. Watson Webb. Mr. Webb, an international polo star in the 1920s, is the only left-handed big-goaler in U.S. polo history. He and Mrs. Webb have passed on to their five children a sporting heritage that is to be both admired and envied.



GRANDDAUGHTERS of the J. Watson Webb, Kitt, Laura and Danden Webb, are all set for a ride on Dandy, the faithful 27-year-old Shetland on the right.





HARRY WEBB and wife Kate take their three daughters across a pasture in front of his house, an inlet of Lake Champlain and the distant Adirondacks forming a perfect backdrop. During the fall there is dark shooting in the haze.

END OF HIDE finds the Harry Webb following their Shropshire sheep back to the barn. Like other members of the Webb family at Skelburne, Harry runs his own farming operation, and in his case it is an extensive dairy business.

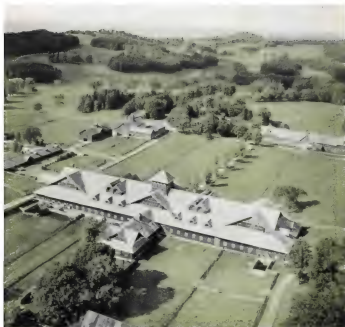


J. WATSON WEBB, former polo star, Master of Foxhounds and big game hunter, poses with Sandy, a Shetland terrier—the breed first developed by Mr. Webb in 1911 to bolt foxes after they had been run to ground. Mr. Webb until recently owned one of oldest private parks of English foxhounds in America.



MRS. WEBB stands in the Sam Webb's Trophy Room surrounded by many of her own trophies, which help make up one of the finest North American game collections in the world. Standing brown bear killed by her on the Alaskan Peninsula weighed about 1,400 pounds. There are 100 specimens in the room.





BREEDING BARN of J. Watson Webb at Shelburne may be the largest structure of its kind in the country. A massive combination of wood, stone and iron girders 416 feet long and 187 wide, the barn has an indoor riding and exercise ring 375 by 85 feet. Looking north over the peacefully rolling Vermont countryside which Mr. Webb has been farming since 1906 the now also raises purebred Holsteins, the granary, dairy barn and other farm buildings on the estate can be seen.

HERR BEAUTIFUL SERVICE

Which, being freely translated, means Albert (Red) Schoendienst, the Braves' great second baseman and sparkplug in their pennant drive

by GERALD HOLLAND

MR. HOFFMEISTER, who has the butcher shop on Vliet Street in Milwaukee, about a 10-minute drive from County Stadium, looked up from his chopping block as the tall, slender young man with the red hair and freckled face walked in.

"Red Schoendienst!" cried Mr. Hoffmeister, putting down his meat cleaver and coming around the counter to shake hands.

"Good morning, Mr. Hoffmeister," said Red Schoendienst.

Mr. Hoffmeister's face clouded for an instant. He looked around the store carefully, as though there might be eavesdroppers hiding in the vegetable bins, and then he asked in a hoarse whisper, "Red, is everything going to be all right? Has that ball club of ours really snapped out of it?"

Red Schoendienst nodded gravely.

"We're O.K., Mr. Hoffmeister," said Red. "The pitching staff is all straightened out, Adcock and Logan are back and the boys are hitting again. We're going to be all right, you've got nothing to worry about."

Mr. Hoffmeister sighed in relief. "That's a load off my mind," he said. "I've been telling my customers not to get nervous about this thing. I told them the Braves weren't going to blow this one."

Mr. Hoffmeister walked around the counter and swept some scraps off the chopping block and turned back to face Red again.

"What's it going to be this morning,

Red?" he asked. "Steak, prime rib, rump roast, leg of lamb—a nice fryer?"

Red shook his head.

"Mr. Hoffmeister," he said, "what I'd like this morning is a soup bone."

Automatically, Mr. Hoffmeister took another glance around like a man about to sell a pint of whiskey in a dry state.

"I've got a dandy for you, Red," he said, keeping his voice low.

If a stranger had come in and asked for a soup bone, Mr. Hoffmeister might have delivered a few remarks on the subject. He might even have suggested that the stranger try one of the supermarkets. The fact is that the supermarkets don't bother with soup bones anymore. Most people buy canned soups and to get a soup bone a man has to be on very good terms with an independent butcher like Mr. Hoffmeister.

Mr. O'Reilly's daughter

As Mr. Hoffmeister was wrapping the bone, Red picked out what vegetables he was going to need and, after a final word of reassurance on the prospects of the Braves in the stretch drive, he waved goodby to Mr. Hoffmeister and went out and got in his car and drove to a two-family flat on Martha Washington Drive. Red has a permanent home in St. Louis, but he rented the Milwaukee flat so his wife and three children could be with him for the final weeks of the season.

Back in the flat, Red slipped into the kitchen without saying a word.

Mary Eileen O'Reilly Schoendienst (Jim O'Reilly's daughter and as pretty a bride as ever walked down the aisle at St. Margaret's in South St. Louis) looked in after a while, took in the picture of Red thoughtfully peeling potatoes and onions for the soup.

"Soup," said Mary approvingly. "A very good idea, Red." And then she went on about her housework, keeping an eye on the three children: Colleen, 6; Cathleen, 5; Eileen, 4 months. Red, by the way, has announced to friends that he intends to name the first boy Hans. Mary Eileen O'Reilly Schoendienst has also announced that he wouldn't dare.

Seated at the kitchen table, getting all the vegetables ready, Albert Fred Schoendienst—still boyish-looking at 34—didn't particularly resemble a star who was credited with turning a mechanically superior team into a pennant winner. But when he came to Milwaukee in midseason from the Giants, he was accepted as just that; the town took him to its heart as warmly as Mr. Hoffmeister, the butcher, had. They delighted in Red's highly individual style of playing second: standing loose-limbed, glove held almost casually in the wrong hand until the instant of the pitcher's wind-up, then his sudden tensing, crouching, shuffling of the glove and readiness for the play whatever it might call for—charging a slow roller, going far to his right for a smash, making the double play in such a variety of ways (each one with the instinctive



AT THE SEASONS' END: RED AND MARY SCHINDLER SET FOR FORTUNE WITH CHILDREN, CHILDREN, GIGGS, GREEN AND CARRIERS

reaction of a perfectly coordinated mind and body—that up in the stands, hunches and rumbles were instantly, thing to the world in spontaneous eruptions of applause and cheering. At the plate, Red—choke the bat, hitting to all fields from either side of the plate—edified the fans no less. It seemed almost miraculous and mystically meaningful that in this city, so heavy with German tradition, the Braves had found their missing ingredient in a modest and amiable young man whose German name translates as "beautiful service."

Incongruously, Red's contributions to the Braves could not be properly printed on paper. Although he was not doing well over 300 and fielding with occasional brilliance, he had missed ball games because a manager, that the Braves had won, had played in many they had lost. Even so, the candidest baseball men agreed that his mere presence in Milwaukee uniforms had provided a vital intangible of spirit that the Braves sorely needed. The fact

that Red was amiable—even if he was, on the bench—had had its uplifting effect on every other member of the ball club.

A clubhouse incident during the stretch season to illustrate the point: Red lay on the rubbing table and the Ferns, the Milwaukee trainer, was working on him. A visitor Red knew walked in and looked at him, then pointed to a bruise the size of a cantaloupe on the underside of Red's leg, beset the knee.

"If you think that's bad, Red," said the visitor, "you should see Mawel. I saw him in St. Louis. He's got 'em in Yerebwood."

Red smiled, but Doc Fern bridled as if an aspersion had been cast.

"That's his good leg!" cried the disbeliever. He pointed to the other leg, which had gone through a bandage once, "You should see the man!" The implication was clear that the doc would tolerate no denigrating of Red's own department whatsoever.

Nobody would argue else in the

room. Manager Fred Haney confirmed what he had been saying around the circuit and told how he put Red in charge of the team on the field, confident that the other players would take direction from him because they respected his ability and judgment and sound baseball instincts. Players—Crane, the catcher; Palko, the veteran utility man; Covington, the young outfielder—all of them testified to Red's steady influence and sound management of the team. Red, it was clear, rubbed no man the wrong way, spoke all baseball truths, was capable of getting along with all kinds of baseball temperaments.

More than a pro

The professional admiration extended far beyond this room. Managers like Birtie Tebbetts of Cincinnati and Mayo Smith of the Phillies had credited Red with assuring the Braves of a permanent and Tebbetts had gone so far as to nominate him for the most

(continued)

SCHOENDIENST

continued

valuable player of the year award.

Fans sensitive to the riotous of the game have no quarrel with Tebbetts on that point. One admirer of Schoendienst put it this way:

"People say Red is a pro. He is a great deal more than a pro. He is like an oldtime craftsman with a genuine pride in his work and confidence that he can do it well. He does not need constant self-reassurance.

"When Red makes an error, he does not feel a compulsion to atone for it by doing something spectacular. He puts the error out of his mind and says to himself, 'We will now return to playing baseball.'

"He does not become stampeded. I remember seeing him recently when Burdette was being hit hard. Red walked halfway to the pitching mound and merely held up two fingers and said, 'Two away.' That was the most pertinent bit of information of the moment. Red delivered it and walked back to the bag. No grandstand gestures, just a concise reminder of what the situation was, including, quite incidentally, the physical demonstration of the all-important fact that Schoendienst was playing second base.

"Schoendienst is not really a take-charge guy at all. He has to be told to

confronted with a recitation of all these tributes to him.

"One man can't make a team," he protested. "I don't do any more than anybody else. Crandall and Logan and Matthews—they'll all go in and talk to the pitcher. They'll move the outfielders if they spot something that calls for it."

But didn't Haney put him in charge out on the field? Didn't Fred tell all the other players that Red would be calling the shots?

Red shook his head. "He asked me to help out where I could, that's all."

No other attitude could be expected from an old pro. And although Red looked neither old nor particularly professional, that is precisely what he was. Baseball was his world; he had never made his living in any other way since the day 15 years ago in Germantown, Ill., when he and his friend, Joe Linnemann, read for the first time that the Cardinals were holding tryouts for

ing his first year that there just seemed to be no changing him. Fishing and hunting and playing ball were the only things that interested Red, and his father worried considerably about how he was ever going to make a living.

Red didn't ask for any money to make the 40-mile trip to St. Louis. That didn't bother him or Joe either.



take charge. But when Haney gave him authority he did not dodge it. If he had thought the job was beyond him, he would have been able to say so without loss of pride.

"Schoendienst is a man who has a very old-fashioned virtue which goes way back before the invention of the tranquillizer pills. It is the virtue known as self-reliance. There are no slumps in the private life of such a man."

Red himself winced visibly when

all corners at what was then known as Sportman's Park in St. Louis.

"Joe," said Red, slapping the sports page, "let's go over to St. Louis and try out. The least we can get out of it is the chance to see some free ball games."

Joe said he'd just as lief. Both boys had played semipro ball in the Clinton County League and Red had survived a major crisis in his young life. During a hitch at a CCC camp, a nail had ricocheted after a hammer blow by another boy and had struck Red in the left eye. For a time it had been touch and go whether Red would lose the eye, but it had healed and seemed to be all right now.

Joe's father didn't protest when Red and Joe said they were going to St. Louis. He had been set on Red (the sixth of eight children) finishing high school, but Red had played hockey to go after bass and catfish so much dur-

ing his first year that there just seemed to be no changing him. Fishing and hunting and playing ball were the only things that interested Red, and his father worried considerably about how he was ever going to make a living.

Red, who was holding \$54 in cash, figured that the Cardinal ball club would provide lunch money. But the first day nobody said anything about it and Red and Joe went over to a little hot dog stand on Spring Avenue across from the ball park and ordered a dog and a Pepsi.

Even today, Red remembers that particular lunch vividly. The lady in charge of the stand was a very friendly person and Red recalls that she said, "Boys, are you trying out for the Cardinals by any chance?" They said they were. Then the lady looked them over carefully and finally said, "Boys, many times in my life I've been able to sense and foretell the course of coming events. I don't know where the power comes from and I can't always depend on it. But, boys, I've got the feeling this moment that you're going to be very good ballplayers and you're going to make the Cardinal team."

Red and Joe thought for a minute that the dogs and Pepsis were going to be on the house. But the lady punctuated her prophecy with a resounding

clang of the cash register and handed them back their change, which left Red with a thin dime.

That evening, Joe Matheson said he was going to the home of an aunt and he said Red was welcome to come along. Red said thanks just the same, but he had some place to stay that night. And he did, too. It turned out to be a park bench across from the Union Depot.

At lunch time next day, Miss Mary Murphy of the Cardinal front office who's signed every big Cardinal star for 28 years, was working at her desk when she heard some noises in the waiting room and she came down to see all the others (she now remembers) saying, "Heck, if this is the kind of ball club it is, I don't know whether I want to play for it or not."

Miss Murphy got up from her desk and went into the waiting room. "Now, who's out?" she asked. "Who's not going to play for the Cardinals?" She pointed to Red and said, "Is it you?"

Red glared around at the suit-down boys with him. Then he looked at Miss Murphy and spoke up:

"Well, we thought they'd give us lunch money anyway."

Miss Murphy waited a minute and then said, "Well, I agree with you and I think it's the least the club could do." Then she went back to her desk and took \$4 out of her own handbag and came back and offered it to Red. Red blushed and hesitated a minute. Then he reached out and took the money, looked at Miss Murphy a bit defiantly and blurted: "I'll bring you the change."

"It's not necessary to bring back the change," said Miss Murphy. "You find me just that you and the other boys all get plenty to eat."

Red said, "We sure do thank you." He led the other boys down the steps in orderly fashion and when they were outside they all broke into a run for Murphy's Place across the street.

There was no problem about lunch for Red on the last day of the season. Joe Matheson, the famous Cardinal scout, personally took him to Murphy's Place and gave him his pick of the steers table. After they had finished eating, Joe Matheson told Red that every Cardinal scout who had been watching the boys had agreed on one particular prospect:

"Red, just Joe Matheson, 'how would you like to play with Union City in the Kitty League?'"

Next day, the Cardinals sent a man over to Germantown to get the signature of Red's father on a contract.

Continued



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SCHOENDIENST

(continued)

Red's professional career had begun.

Red's old eye injury, which was destined to plague him at odd times during his career, became a problem at Union City, although he hit safely the first eight times at bat. But, as a right-handed hitter, he found that he had to turn his head in order to see a right-kicker's curve-ball with his better eye. He confided his problem to Everett Johnson, the Union City manager, and proposed a simple solution. "What I'll do," Red told his manager, "is learn to bat left-handed."

The manager's mouth fell open. "Just like that you'll become a switcher?" he said.

"If you don't have any objections," said Red.

The manager shook his head and said there weren't any objections he could think of at the moment. In a few days, Red was hitting from both sides of the plate.

Switch hitting betweeners went up fast. In a year's time he was playing for Pepper Martin at Rochester. At 29, he won the International League batting championship before going into the Army. His old eye injury cut short his military service in 1945—he reported to Manager Billy Southworth for his first full season with the Cardinals, a team he was to serve until Frank Lane traded him to the Giants last year.

Because the regular Cardinal outfield of Moore, Slaughter and Musial was still in service, Southworth used Red in left for almost the entire season, but next year he was moved to the infield to play second base, third base and shortstop until he finally settled down at his permanent berth at second. From that point on, he played with a kind of unostentatious near-perfection that people came to take almost for granted. There were the occasional floundering performances, as when Red hit eight doubles in three consecutive games and when he broke up the All-Star Game of 1950 with a home run in the 14th inning. But most of the time Red was just unassumingly there, spraying his line drives to all fields, making the double play that shouldn't really have been made at all, turning up in the outfield for pucky Texas Leaguers, sometimes—after a complicated sequence—appearing on third base which (as nobody else seemed to have noticed) was uncovered. He wasn't the big star; he was Schoendienst, 26—as comforting to his manager as government bonds in a safety deposit box.

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SCHOENDIENST

continued

and you're a balanced kind of guy. You don't blow your top in a crisis. Those are all qualities that make a good manager, in my humble opinion."

Mary was standing at the door leading into the living room.

"Now," the visitor ran on, turning to include Mary in the conversation, "something impressed me very much here today. And I'll tell you what it was—it was that soup bone you got down at Mr. Hoffmeister's. To me, that soup bone is very significant. What I mean to say is, here you have a town going crazy with all the fans biting their nails during this stretch drive. Down at the Braves office, they're all probably pacing the floor. And what



do you do? You know there's nothing to be done about the situation until the game tonight so you don't waste time worrying. You do something constructive. You go in for a form of occupational therapy, so to speak. You get a soup bone and make a nice big pot of soup."

The visitor looked from Red to Mary and said, "Am I right or wrong?"

Red just shook his head. But Mary Ellen O'Reilly Schoendienst nodded in vigorous agreement.

"I think you're perfectly right," she said, "except for one thing."

"What's that?" said the visitor.

"He," she said, pointing to Red, "forgot to watch the soup, and just now I found it so burned that Mr. Hoffmeister's beautiful soup bone is stuck to the bottom of the pot." (EWS)

BONNIE PRUDDEN

12

The hip twist develops your
agility and sense of balance

This exercise is similar to one that gives football players the swivel hips that enable them to elude the grasp of enemy tacklers. It is the first exercise designed and demonstrated by Bonnie Prudden, which involves moving from one place to another. An agility exercise, it is also good for muscles in the waist, hips and legs. Perform it in time to a lively photograph record with a fast beat.



Step forward on the right foot, turning your entire leg, hip and foot inward. Keep the upper body straight, and twist the arms toward the turned-in leg. Then repeat in the opposite direction. After a while the movement will flow, and you won't have to think about it. Continue across the floor and back.



THE QUESTION: *Would a union be good or bad for baseball?*



T. M. RICHARDSON
Editorial, Pa.
Times Herald
Daily Express

Bad, because baseball is a sporting profession. As Phil Wiegley once said: "Baseball is too much of a sport to be a business and too much of a business to be a sport." A union for ballplayers would make baseball 99.9% commercial and would probably end up taking the sport out of it.



W. E. BAUGHMAN
Washington, D.C.
Chief of
U.S. Secret Service

A players' union could get some general benefits for all players, but it would be beneficial only if management were free to run the teams without player interference. Anything like a shop steward giving an ultimatum to the manager of a team would destroy baseball.



CHRIS CRAMER
Charlottesville, Va.
Progressive sports editor

A players' union is not the answer. Elimination of the inequitable reserve clause would foster better relationships. Players are little more than sports. A union would be bad because any strike would threaten the existence of baseball and eliminate sports-related businesses.



F. J. BRAGGHEMESSY
Madison
President of the
International League

I think a union would be bad for the players. There is so great a difference in pay and ability that it would be impossible to set up salary rules that would benefit all. Right now ballplayers are getting more pay and benefits than any union in the world could possibly get for them.



NELLIE FOX
Chicago White Sox
Second baseman

A union would be bad for most of us. I don't see how conditions can be improved. We'll get good positions at \$9. Is that bad? Few persons can retire that early. You hear a lot of talk about a higher minimum wage in the majors, \$7,000 a year. I think that will come in time.



EDDIE MATHES
Milwaukee Braves
Third baseman

I think that a union sounds like a very good thing. But it can't get me wrong. I don't think ballplayers should or ever would strike. We know the game too much. But if we stick together in a union we'll get more benefits. And we may find a way to help the minor leagues get stronger.



HARVEY KUENN
Detroit Tigers
Shortstop

Very bad. There are just not enough major problems that cannot be solved through our player representatives. I know. I served on this committee.

Even the minor league problems can be settled without a union because the major league teams must have strong farm systems to exist.



GEORGE MEANY
President AFL-CIO

Years ago, when I rejected a proposal for a union of baseball players. First, we doubted that such a union could benefit the players. Second, we felt the players were not in need of collective bargaining, but were independent contractors who bargained with employers as individuals.



DENNIS O'SHEA
Seattle Reds
Infielder

Good. Baseball players don't have enough say about themselves. Many brilliant youngsters are kept in the minors for years because the clubs don't "see" them as "ball-club." Some players make the majors too late, if at all. This is unfair and I'm sure that it has ruined many a career.

BRIDGE: IN MY OPINION

Sirs: Congratulations on the addition of Mr. Green to your excellent staff. I'll venture to say that the budget problem of the U.S. Post Office will disappear. Your weekly mail will no doubt soar to unbelievable amounts due to the highly controversial subject of bridge.

I should like to question Mr. Green's first recommendation of the pre-emptive two-spade bid, which, in this illustration, would appear to confuse South's partner. Also, I would question whether it is pre-emptive enough to prevent East and West from arriving at a game contract. In my unsentimental opinion, the rule of three and two, down three unfavorable or two vulnerable uplines. South has six sure spade tricks and one diamond in the king, since East, surely holding the ace, cannot know South. With seven sure tricks and 140 honors in spades, he's three spades vulnerable or four spades unfavorable the proper bid in this case! If North and South are doubled, the most they can lose is 400 points and North might have some help for partner.

JOHN S. STEIN

Los Angeles

• South, if he plays the hand, will undoubtedly win six spade tricks, but there is no guarantee he will win the diamond king. Assuming that East does hold the diamond ace, South, to establish his king, must either receive a diamond lead from West (don't count on it) or play a diamond through East. If North holds Spades 6-3; Hearts K 10 9 4; Diamonds 9 8; Clubs K 9 8 2, South will find it difficult to reach the board. If North does not hold the club king, reaching the board will be impossible. Therefore, South will lose seven tricks. At a nonvulnerable four spades, doubled—minus honors—the loss is 600 points. At a vulnerable three spades, doubled, the loss is 700 points. Pretty expensive.—ED.

BRIDGE: SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

Sirs:

For four years, my brother, now 12, and myself, 14, have been playing bridge with our parents. I have read with interest *My Two New Commandments* (SI, Sept. 16) and I thank you for a fine article. One thing troubles me. That is the fact that in Hand 6 Mr. Green advises a jump to game in a major suit after a raise, with 19 points in your hand. He tells South to go to game. Yet South, as far as I can see, only has 18 points. Can't I count or is there a reason for this move?

BILL HAYES

Marshfield, N.Y.

• There are only 18 points, Mr. Hayes—17 in high cards, one for the doubton. But when North replies with two spades, South adds a point for his five-card trump suit. If he held a six-card trump suit, he could add two.—ED.

BASEBALL: WHY, OH WHY?

Sirs:

Being a Red Sox fan, I read with great interest, and a lump in my throat, Mr. Creamer's fine article (*Wreck of the Red Sox*, SI, Sept. 9).

Baseball is considered big business. It certainly follows that it should conduct itself accordingly.

Why, oh why, didn't the powers that be in the Red Sox camp do something last spring, before the season began, regarding the pitching staff? They certainly must have known, or at least strongly suspected, that this group wasn't all it should be!

The fact that asking was done at that time seems to be shockingly poor business judgment on their part. It's unbelievable that pitchers are that hard to come by.

At times, watching them on television was more than one could bear. It seemed like such a waste of superb talent to see them so humiliated by inferior teams.

Birdie Tebbetts has done a wonderful job this year with the material he's had available. If he's tried himself to sleep a few times it's understandable.

The old saying, "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," certainly applies, and no group of people is more sorry this is true than the people in this general area.

JANE NEWELL

Columbus, Ohio

BASEBALL: SHAME THE BLAME

Sirs:

As a good Cincinnati fan, I have been seeking a logical explanation for the misfortunes which have befallen my favorite ball club. But I cannot accept the diagnosis offered by Robert Creamer in which he lays the entire blame on the pitching staff.

On June 1, the Reds barbarized the Cubs 22-5. They were in first place by 2½ games and everything looked rosy. The next day they split a double-header with the Cubs. Then the trembles got into the hot rack. They went three weeks without scoring over four runs in a game and their average was well under three. That they managed to win enough games to stay in contention during this stretch was due solely to the fact that they got much better pitching than they had any reason to expect.

A check of the records would show that in the 190 or so games played since June 1, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Brooklyn and New York have all scored more runs per game than Birdie's Bombers have.

When you have the eighth-best pitching staff and the fifth-best run production, tragedy is the only possible result. But the hitters popped out first.

ROY PEEK

Evansville, Ind.

TENNIS: CLOSEUP

Sirs:

I am a great fan of Mrs. Dorothy Knade. I was sorry that she did not receive any recognition in your magazine when she won in Philadelphia several weeks ago. Since I have never seen a clasp of her, I was sorry that you did not print one.

THOMAS W. FRECH

Portsmouth, Va.



MRS. DOROTHY KNADE

• Mrs. Knade, a Californian now living 10 blocks from the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, N.Y., is the mother of a 3-year-old daughter and played so convincingly in the just-completed Women's Singles championship that she will probably advance from her current rating of sixth-best woman player to third or fourth.—ED.

BOUNCE AVERAGE

Sirs:

The commissioner will frown on this, but, unofficially, I might ask someone to consider the gift of a Naps game sweater to the winner of your Bounce Average (E & D, Aug. 19), the new baseball statistic. The reason might be that "he'd be most in need of cooling off."

A. J. TORIS

Chicago

• Final compilation of the Bounce Average of umpires in both leagues will be presented shortly after the close of the regular season.—ED.

DUBLIN CINDER TRACK

Sirs:

I am enclosing a check in the amount of \$25 which I would like to have you forward to the Dublin Cinder Track Fund, c/o Mr. Billy Merton.

This gift is made in recognition of Gerald Holland's fine story (*McDonough's Magic Show*, SI, July 22) describing the urgent need of a cinder track in Dublin.

CARL L. BRUGGEMAN

Marlton, Ohio

PAT ON THE BACK



JACK NEWELL, CONTEST WINNER IN PITTSBURGH AREA



DONALD FORTUNATO, BUFFALO, NEW YORK STATE CHAMP



JAMES ELLISON, WINNER IN THE PHILADELPHIA FINALS



RICHARD ROURKE JR., NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL WINNER

JUNIOR BROADCASTERS

The heady excitement of doing a live broadcast of a big ball game over a major network as grand winners of the 1957 Junior Sportscenter contest is a triumph shared by these four young men. They were selected from a large field of hopefuls in the northeastern U.S. who contended for the chance of early experience in their intended careers. Sponsored for the second year by the Atlantic Refining Company, the contest was open to boys 18 and under who have taken an active part in sports reporting and who have serious career intentions in the field. Two

of the winners above have already chosen their college majors in journalism, radio and television. Baseball fans all, the boys' crucial test came when, after early eliminations in their areas, the finalists recorded two innings apiece at a major league game under the watchful and critical eyes of such experts as Phil Rizzuto, Red Barber and Mel Allen. As tangible proof of excellence in their chosen field the Messrs. Newell, Fortunato, Ellison and Rourke received transistor radios and watches to keep alive the lift of encouragement they got from the pros.



Another adventure in one of the 37 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House."

Portugal's bullfight is a Cowboy's Field Day

1. "Nobody gets hurt, not even the bull, but a Portuguese bullfight takes hard riding and rodeo-style steer-tying," writes Bob LaFare, an American friend of Canadian Club. "I played bullfighter at the quince, or ranch, of my friend José Rodrigues near Lisbon. José is a professional bullfighter, one of Portugal's greatest, but even he might have had trouble with the big one that thundered across to charge my horse."



2. "Faring the bull on foot after playing the long-haired reapers in its shoulder pad, I was knocked clean off my feet. Tumbling first, the bull picked a saddle that easily tossed me into the air on a pair of shodded hooves."



3. "It took a lot of tossings before some other amateurs and I could make the bull stand still long enough to bring his head down. One man had to throw himself between the horns while the rest of us galed on. Tough way to make a fighting bull nap. 'Caché!'"



4. "Portugal's aristocracy fought bulls this way 4 centuries ago," our host José told us later. He rewarded our efforts with a round of Canadian Club."

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? . . . Only Canadian Club has a distinctive flavor that captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch, the mellowness of rye, the smooth satisfaction of bourbon.

That's why no other whisky in all the world tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long . . . in short ones before dinner, tall ones after . . . "The Best In The House" is 37 lands.

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